



Puckler del.

Gugni sculp.

Published as the Act directs, by Bellamy & Roberts, Oct. 6. 1790.



A

THE
P L A Y S
OF
William Shakspeare,
COMPLETE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE,
TWELFTH NIGHT,
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST,
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE ENGRAVINGS TO THIS VOLUME ARE,
TWO SCENES TO EACH PLAY, AND TWO ALLEGORIES.

ALLEGORIES.

1. AN INFANT SHAKSPEARE IN THE REALMS OF FANCY.
 2. THE COMIC MUSE SURROUNDED BY THE VISIONS OF FANCY.
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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

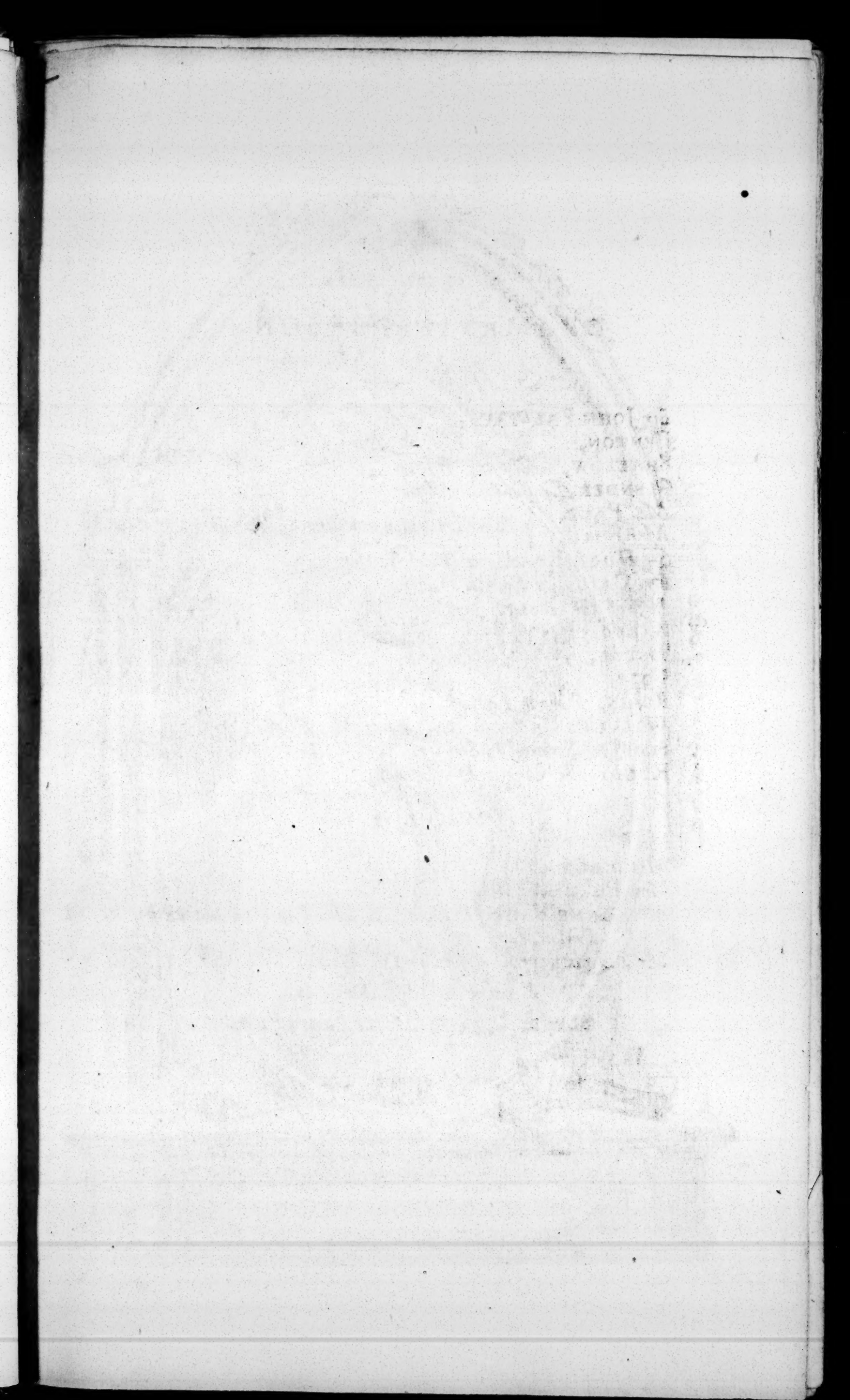
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF,
FENTON,
SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*
SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*
Mr. PAGE, } *Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
Mr. FORD, }
Sir HUGH EVANS, *a Welch Parson.*
Dr. CAIUS, *a French Doctor.*
Host of the Garter.
BARDOLPH,
PISTOL,
NYM,
ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*
WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*
SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*
RUGBY, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

W O M E N.

Mrs. PAGE.
Mrs. FORD.
Mrs. ANNE PAGE, *Daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.*
Mrs. QUICKLY, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*
Servants to Page, Ford, &c.
SCENE, *Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.*





Richard del.

Published as the Act directs by Bellamy & Roberts Printers

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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE I. *Before PAGE's House in Windsor.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shallow.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not : I will make a Star-chamber matter of it : if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *custaloram.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratalorum* too ; and a gentleman born, master parson ; who writes himself *armigero* ; in any bill warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do ; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't : and all his ancestors that come after him, may : they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well ; it agrees well, passant ; it is a familiar beast to man and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish ; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady ; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures : but that is all one : If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it ; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot ; there is no fear of Got in a riot : the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not hear a riot ; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha ! o'my life, if I were young again, the sword end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it : and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it : there is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page ? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire ; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandfire, upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection !) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old ; it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds ?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman ; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page : is Falstaff there ?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie ? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false ; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there ; and I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers, I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa ! Got pless your house here !

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there ?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow : and here is young master Slender ; that

peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page: He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight:—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if 'twere known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Evan. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage;—Slender, I broke you head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against you coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet* master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three parties is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my notebook; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ears*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and two-pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir John, and master mine.

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe :
 Word of denial in thy labra's here ;
 Word of denial : froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, fir, and pass good humours : I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me ; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then, he in the red face had it : for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John ?

Bard. Why, fir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five senses.

Eva. It is his five senses : fie, what the ignorance is !

Bard. And being sap, fir, was, as they say, cashier'd ; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter : I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick : if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen ; you hear it.

Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE with Wine ; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in ; we'll drink within. *[Exit ANNE PAGE.]*

Slen. O heaven ! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford ?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth you are very well met : by your leave, good mistress. *[Kissing her.]*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome :—Come, we have a hot venison patty to dinner ; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but SHAL. SLEND. and EVANS.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here : —

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple ; where have you been ; must wait

on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles? why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake, upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come coz: we stay for you. A word with you coz; marry, this coz: There is, as'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the woman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your goodwill to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, fir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a very discretion answer; save the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's pless'd will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt SHAL. and EVANS.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, fir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, fir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, firrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit SIMP.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. P'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, fir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three venys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot

meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, fir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I should as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, fir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerfon loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, fir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, fir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, fir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first,

Anne. Not I, fir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, fir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Dr Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, fir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her

to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

SCENE III. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL,
and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag: trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keifar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call: Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, firs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her will, and translated her will; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyelids; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course-o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

- Pist.* Shall I fir Pandarus of Troy become.
And by my side wear steel ! then Lucifer take all !
- Nym.* I will run no base humour : here, take the humour letter ; I will keep the haviour of reputation.
- Fal.* Hold, firrah, bear you these letters tightly ;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [*To ROBIN.*
Rogues, hence, avaunt ! vanish like hail stones, go ;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof ; seek shelter, pack !
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues ; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and Boy.*
- Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts ! for gourd and fullam holds ;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor :
Tetter I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk !
- Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.
- Pist.* Wilt thou revenge ?
- Nym.* By welkin, and her star !
- Pist.* With wit, or steel ?
- Nym.* With both the humours, I :
I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.
- Pist.* And I to Page shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.
- Nym.* My humour shall not cool : I will incense Ford to deal with poison : I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous : that is my true humour.
- Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malecontents : I second thee ; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Dr. CAIUS's House.*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and JOHN RUGBY.

Quick. What ; John Rugby !—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming ; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the

house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

Quic. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but no body but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master Slender's your master?

Simp. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simp. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you?—oh, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Simp. Yes, indeed does he.

Quic. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish——

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, a-down-a, &c. [*Sings.*]

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Wat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray

you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box: Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*]

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy*; mettez le au mon pocket; *Depêchez*, quickly:—Vere is that knave Ruby?

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villaine, *Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls SIMPLE out of the Closet.*]

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flagmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Simp. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh fend-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Simp. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you advis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear: I would have no words of it), my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page; but, notwithstanding that,——I know Anne's mind,——that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge; I will cut his throat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:——you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:——by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit SIMP.*]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:——do you not tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Farterre* to measure our weapon:——by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the *goujere*!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;——By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of door:——Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quic. You shall have An Fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Mr. FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quic. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you;—Have not your worship a wart about your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that!

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But indeed, she is given too much to allicolly and musing: But for you—Well—go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before PAGE's House.**Enter Mistress PAGE with a Letter.**Mrs. Page.*

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I: Would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice), that I love thee: I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,**By day or night,**Or any kind of light,**With all his might,**For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me?—Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary; O, mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispenſe with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light!—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be reveng'd on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them

out of doubt ; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I may find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same ; the very hand, the very words : What doth he think of us ?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not : It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he never would have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it ? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I ; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him : let's appoint him a meeting ; give him a show of comfort in his suit ; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawh'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter ! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes ; and my good man too ; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause ; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight : Come hither. [They retire.

Enter FORD with PISTOL, PAGE with NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affairs : Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, fir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich, and poor, Both young and old, one with another, Ford ; He loves thy gally-mawfry ; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife ?

Pist. With liver burning hot : Prevent, or go thou, Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels :— O, odious is the name !

Ford. What name, fir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckow-birds do sing.—

Away, fir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit PISTOL.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [Speaking to PAGE.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her: but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak; and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it: Adieu. [Exit NYM.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o'the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. [Aside to Mrs. FORD.]

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her; she fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quic. Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good Mrs. Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exit Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o'the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go a little aside.*]

Shal. [*To PAGE.*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a bottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you;—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE.*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should

lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Did'st thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen-pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go,—A short knife and a thong,—to your manor of Pickthatch, go,—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: What would'st thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;——what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,——

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels (in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman

leads an ill life with him ; he's a very jealousy man ; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven : Woman commend me to her ; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well : But I have another messenger to your worship : Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too ;—and let me tell you in your ear ; she's a fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other : and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home ; but she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man ; surely, I think you have charms, la ! yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't !

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this : has Ford's wife and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me ?

Quick. That were a jest indeed !—they have not so little grace, I hope :—that were a trick indeed ! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves ; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page : and truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does ; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will ; and, truly, she deserves it ; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page ; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then : and, look you, he may come and go between you both ; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness : old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well : commend me to them both ;

there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman, this news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer.

Exit. BARDOLPH;

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: Not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, fir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, fir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholer.—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good fir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, fir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, fir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance: engross'd opportunities to meet her; see'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, tho' she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, I should win what you would enjoy? methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too, too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall

want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckold knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy; my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made: Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with

herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be aveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it;—better three hours to soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III. *Windsor Park.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rugby. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, fir, that fir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, fir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, fir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villain-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give your good-morrow, fir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see you fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my

Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not shew his face.

Hofst. Thou art a Castalian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you bear vitness that me have stay fix or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shewn yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Hofst. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Hofst. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have a much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurry-jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hofst. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Hofst. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Hofst. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hofst. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest,

and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. *[Aside to them.]*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hof. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields; will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *Frogmore.*

Enter EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans.

I Pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Simp. Marry, sir, the Pitty-wary, the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, sir.

C

Eva. 'Pless my foul! how full of cholars I am, and tremping of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceive me: how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork;—'pless my foul! [Sings.

*By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand vagrant posies.*

By shallow——

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;——
When as I sat in Babylon——
And a thousand vagrant posies.*

By shallow——

Simp. Yonder he is coming this way, fir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome;——

By shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, fir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good fir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good fir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy fake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the Word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, be-like, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion on my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Enter Host, CAIUS and RUGBY.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons:—Keep them asunder:—here comes doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Difarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a vord vit your ear Verefore vill you not meet a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jareterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians foul, now, look you, this

is the place appointed ; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, foul-curer and body-curer,

Caius. Ay, dat is very good ! excellent !

Host. Peace, I say ; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic ? am I subtle ? am I Machiavel ? Shall I lose my doctor ? no ; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson ? my priest ? my sir Hugh ? no ; he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so :—Give me thy hand, celestial ; so.—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both ; I have directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn : Follow me, lad of peace ; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page !

[*Exeunt* SHAL. SLEN. PAGE, and *Host.*

Caius. Ha ! do I perceive dat ? have you make-a de sot of us ? ha, ha !

Eva. This is well ; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends ; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scald, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart ; he promise to bring me were is Anne Page : by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles ;—Pray you follow.

SCENE II. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader : Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels ?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay: and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,——two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on his name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir:—I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!——Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Hoft*, EVANS, and CAIUS.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me a good knot; I have a good cheer at home; and I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and, this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you;—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurth-a Quickly tell me so much.

Hoft. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells April and May; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have, waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Hoft. Farewell; my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

S C E N E III. FORD's House.

Enter Mrs. FORD, Mr. PAGE, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly; is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitstirs in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [Exit ROBIN.]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee ; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mrs. PAGE.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to them ;—we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion ;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel ! Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough ; this is the period of my ambition : O this blessed hour !

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John !

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish : I would thy husband were dead ; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John ! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another ; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond : Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John ; my brows become nothing else, nor that, well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so : thou would'st make an absolute courtier ; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled faithingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not ; nature is thy friend, Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there is no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee ? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lissing hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple-time ; I cannot : but I love thee ; none but thee ; and thou deserveest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir : I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the

Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [Within.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. —————

[FALSTAFF hides himself.]

Enter Mistress PAGE.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you!—how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here: but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call

all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the Basket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! Go take up these clothes here, quickly: where's the cowl staff? look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it,—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck,! Ay, buck! I warrant you, buck!

and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, seach, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page:—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Eva. This is tery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband had some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so yet gross in his jealousy, till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: and we will have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment.

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o'clock to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace!——You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any poddy in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By, gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windfor-Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a bad conscience; your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner;—Come, come, walk in the park; I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentleman; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth:—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave: to have his gibes and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. PAGE's House.

Enter FENTON, and Mistress ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth ;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth :
Besides these, other bars he lays before me, —
My riots past, my wild societies ;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come !
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne :
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir :
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then — Hark you hither.

[FENTON and Mistress ANNE go apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly ; my kinsman
shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or bolt on't : 'slid 'tis but ven-
turing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for that
—but that I am afraid

Quick. Hark ye, master Slender would speak a word
with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults.

Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year ! [*Afide.*

Quick. And how does good master Fenton ? Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming ; to her, coz. O boy thou had'st a father !

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne ;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him :—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do ; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it ; I thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you, coz ; I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will ?

Slen. My will ? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed ! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven ; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me ?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you : Your father and my uncle have made motions : if it be my luck, so ; if not, happy man be his dole ! They can tell you how things go, better than I can : You may ask your father ; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender :—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now ! what does master Fenton here ?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house :
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Feat. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colour of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in.

Her father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.*]

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, said I, will you
cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look
on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind
heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and
water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master
had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her;
or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do
what I can for them all three! for so I have promis'd, and
I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master
Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Fal-

staff for my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack it?
[Exit.]

SCENE V. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.
[Exit BARD.] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames! Well; if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the Wine.

Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Ay, sir: there's a woman below would speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quic. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet sperm in my brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, fir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly-full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, fir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must cary her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, fir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, fir! [Exit.

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, fir!

Fal. Now master Brook? you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, fir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How, fir Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook: but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual harum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke

SWOONED

the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket: ramn'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd-in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in greese, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot,

In that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that—hissing hot—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her nomore?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at you convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house, he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. PAGE's House.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page.

IS he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. Willaim, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*. William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William: What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark. *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusative hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hung, hang, hog*.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O

Eva. Remember, William, focative is, *caret*.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*. William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive*, *horum*, *harum*, *herum*.

Quick. 'Vengeance of *Giney's case*! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman art thou lunatics? hast thou no understanding for thy cases, and the number of the genders? thou art a foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forgot your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. FORD'S House.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your love, and I

profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself!

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, Peer out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here: and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why: then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John; unless you go out disguis'd—How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for you head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. *[Exit FALSTAFF.]*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming? D 4

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he ; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that ; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently : let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet ! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too :

We do not act, that often jest and laugh ;

'Tis old, but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

Mrs. Ford. Go first, take the basket again on your shoulders ; your master is hard at door ; if he bid you set it down, obey him ; quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and Mrs. FORD.*]

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not ; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, SHALLOW, PAGE, CAIUS and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again ?—Set down the basket, villain :—Somebody call my wife :—Youth in a basket !—Oh, you panderly rascals ! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy against me :—Now shall the devil be aham'd. What ! wife, I say ! come, come forth ; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes ! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer ; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics ! this is mad as a mad dog !

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Ford. So I say too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, bazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the Basket.*]

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,——

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable; Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford: this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, and old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery, as this is: beyond our element: we know nothing.—

Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in Women's Clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my doors, you witch! [*Beat him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you! I'll fortune-tell you!

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trial, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd

out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will be still the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them; come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *FORD's House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Pag. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport.

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow.

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in
the park

At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the rivers;
and hath been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks,
there should be terrors in him, that he should not
come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no
desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he
comes,

And let us two devise to bring him hither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hedious and dreadful manner:

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear,

In deep of night, to walk by this Herne's oak :
But what of this ?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device ;——
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape : When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him ? what is your plot ?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and
thus :

Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, outhes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands ; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song : upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly :
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight ;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane ?

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tappers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves ; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours ; and I
will be like jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my
taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy ; and, in that time

Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside:
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and
fery honest knaveries. [Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. FORD.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[Exit.

SCENE V. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what thick-skin?
speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Fal-
staff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his
standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the
story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call;
he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginean* unto thee: Knock,
I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up
into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, 'till she come
down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robb'd;
I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from
thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host,
thine Ephesian, calls.

FALSTAFF above.

Fal. How, now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell: What would you with her?

Simp. My master, sir, master Slender sent to her, seeing her go through the street, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I speak with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'lt.

Simp. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her—or no: Go: say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIMP.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, var-letto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin-germans that hath cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrooke, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Fetterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villian, go! assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!
[Exit.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for there sakes, more, than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, specially one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue; I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together! sure one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[Exeunt.

E

SCENE VI.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chuser) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the shew of both: Fat sir John Falstaff Hath a great scene; the image of the jest

[Shewing a Letter.]

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host: To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor:—Now, thus it rests; Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go,

She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
 The better to devote her to the doctor
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
 That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the doctor spies his 'vantage ripe:
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive: father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
 And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Falstaff.

PRY'THEE, no more prattling;—go.—I'll hold:
 This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd
 numbers. Away, go; they say there is a divinity in odd
 numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I
 can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quic.*]

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head,
 and mince,

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will
 be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about
 midnight at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told
 me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a
 poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like

a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since, I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.—— [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shallow. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport: No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress PAGE, Mistress FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. My husband will

not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak! to the oak!
[*Exeunt,*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Followers,

Eua. Trib, trib, faries; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-o'rds, do as I pid you: Come, come; trib, trib.

SCENE V.

Enter FALSTAFF with a Bucks head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—Oh, powerful love! that in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast,—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a

foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what 'shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch! I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands, Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience: he makes restitution, As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within,*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. }

Mrs. Page. } Away, away.

[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH like a Satyr: QUICKLY, and others, dress'd like Fairies, with Tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your qualities.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys,
Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry :
Our radiant queen hates fluts and fluttery.

Fal. They are fairies ; he that speaks to them shall die ;
I'll wink and couch ; no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Bede* ? Go you, and where you find a
maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy ;
Sleep she as sound, as careless infancy :
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins.
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quic. About, about !

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out :
Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room ;
That it may stand 'till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit ;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower :
Each fair instalment coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest !
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass in a ring :
The expresse that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the field to see ;
And, *Honi Soi Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white ;
Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee ;
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away ; disperse : But, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand ; yourselves in order set :

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay ; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heaven's defend me from that Welch fairy !
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese !

Eva. Vile worm; thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end :
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain : but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupten heart.

Eva. A trial, come——

[*They burn him with their Tapers and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, ho, ho !

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !—
About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme :
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right ; indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

The S O N G.

*Fie on sinful phantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villany ;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

During this Song they pinch him. Dr. CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green ; SLENDER another way, and he takes away a Fairy in white ; and FENTON comes, and steals away Mrs. ANNE PAGE. A Noise of Hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his Buck's Head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, &c. They lay hold of him.

Page. Nay, do not fly : I think we have watch'd you now ;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come ; hold up the jest no higher :—

Now, good fir John, how like you Windsor-wives ?

See you these husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pince you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross, o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I was chok'd with a piece of toasted cheese

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? G

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man!

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and facks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearingings, and starings, pribbles and prabble?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son, have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is all your own folly; Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and she cry'd, *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' married *un garcon*, a boy, ; *nu paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit CAIUS.]*

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, She and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title ;
 Since therein she doth evitate and shun
 A thousand irreligious curfed hours,
 Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:——
 In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state ;
 Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand
 to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee
 joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master
 Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! ——
 Good husband, let us every one go home,
 And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire ;
 Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:——Sir John,
 To master Brook you yet shall hold your word ;
 For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*

LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*

" *Two other like Gentlemen.*

" * VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, servant to the Duke.*"

Provost.

THOMAS, } *two Friars.*

PETER,

" *A Justice.*"

ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*

" FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*"

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

W O M E N.

ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*

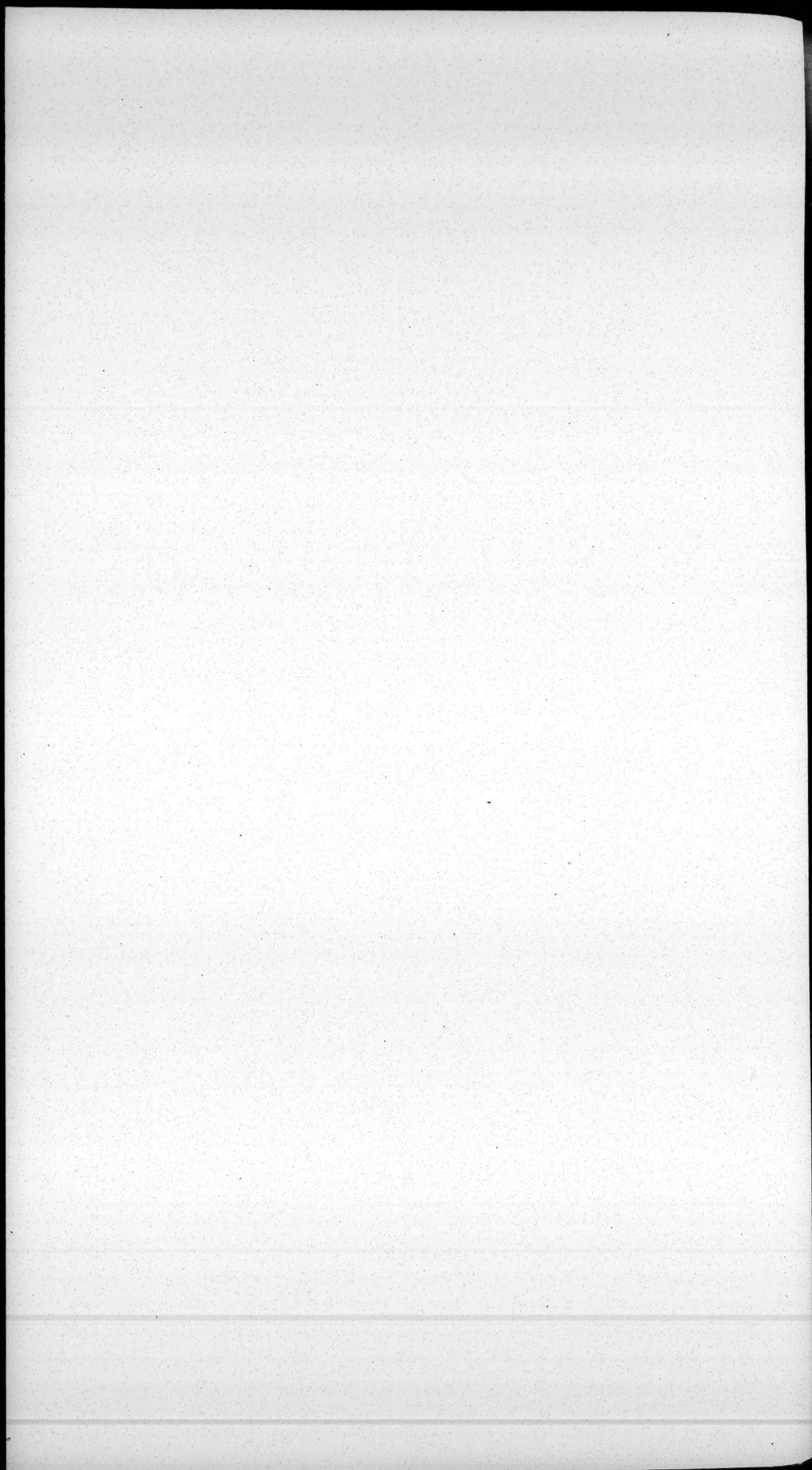
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*

Mrs. OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Vienna.*

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing. *Johnson.*



" found, as things that are hollow ; thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee.

" *Enter Bawd.*

" *1 Gent.* How now ? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

" *Bawd.* Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, worth five thousand of you all.

" *1 Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee ?

" *Bawd.* Marry, fir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

" *1 Gent.* Claudio to prison ! 'tis not so.

" *Bawd.* Nay, but I know 'tis so : I saw him arrested ; saw him carry'd away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopp'd off.

" *Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so ? Art thou sure of this ?

" *Bawd.* I am too sure of it : and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

" *Lucio.* Believe me, this may be : he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

" *2 Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

" *1 Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

" *Lucio.* Away ; let's go learn the truth of it.

" [*Exeunt.*

" *Manet Bawd.*

" *Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now ? what's the news with you ?

" *Enter Clown.*

" *Clown.* Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

" *Bawd.* Well ; what has he done ?

" *Clown.* A woman.

" *Bawd.* But what's his offence ?

B

" *Clown.*

- " *Clown.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.
 " *Bawd.* What, is there a maid with child by him ?
 " *Clown.* No ; but there's a woman with maid by him :
 " You have not heard of the proclamation, have you ?
 " *Bawd.* What proclamation, man ?
 " *Clown.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be
 " pluck'd down.
 " *Bawd.* And what shall become of those in the city ?
 " *Clown.* They shall stand for seed : they had gone
 " down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.
 " *Bawd.* But shall all our houses of resort in the sub-
 " urbs be pull'd down ?
 " *Clown.* To the ground, mistress.
 " *Bawd.* Why here's a change, indeed, in the common-
 " wealth ! What shall become of me ?
 " *Clown.* Come ; fear not you : good counsellors lack
 " no clients : though you change your place, you need
 " not change your trade ; I'll be your tapster still.
 " Courage : there will be pity taken on you : you that
 " have worn out your eyes almost out in the service, you
 " will be considered.
 " *Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster ? Let's
 " withdraw.
 " *Clown.* Here comes signior Claudio, led by the pro-
 " vost to prison ? and there's madam Juliet.
 " [*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers ;
LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to the world ?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
 But from lord Angelo in special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
 Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
 The words of heaven ;—on whom it will, it will ;
 On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint.

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty :
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint : Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil ; and, when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors : And yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the
morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio ?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir ; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend :—Lucio, a word with
you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good—
Is lechery so look'd after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me,—Upon a true con-
tract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed ;
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order : this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness ;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, let's it straight feel the spur :
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in:—But this new governor
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,
 So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
 And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowfy and neglected act
 Freshly on me :—'tis surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so tickle
 on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may
 figh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
 I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service :
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,
 And there receive her approbation :
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state :
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;
 I have great hope in that : for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,
 Such as moves men ; besides, she hath prosperous art
 When she will play with reason and discourse,
 And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may : as well for the encouragement
 of the like, “ which else would stand under grievous im-
 “ position ;” as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would
 be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-
 tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Monastery. Enter Duke and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No ; holy father ; throw away that thought ;—
 Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can

Can pierce a complete bosom : why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it ?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland ;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd : Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this ?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep !
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That does not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use ; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than feared : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite-athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
 "And yet, my nature never in the sight
 "To do it slander:" And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our more leisure shall I render you;
 Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

S C E N E V.

A Nunnery. Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Ifab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Ifab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Ifab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
 You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
 But in the presence of the prioress:
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again; I pray you answer him.

Exit FRANCISCA.

"*Ifab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?"

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,

As

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Ifab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Ifab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Ifab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true — I would not (though 'tis my fami-
liar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted:

"By your renouncement, and immortal spirit;"
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

"*Ifab.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

"*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis
thus:

"Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
"As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time
"That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
"To teeming foison; so her plenteous womb
"Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry."

Ifab. Some one with child by him? — My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Ifab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Ifab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;

"Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

"In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn

"By those that know the very nerves of state,

"His givings-out were of an infinite distance

"From his true-meant design." Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; "one who never feels
"The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
"But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
"With profits of the mind, study and fast."
He " (to give fear to use and liberty,
"Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
"As mice by lions)" hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

ANGELO's House. Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost, and Attendants.

Angelo.

WE must not make a scare-crow of the law;
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know, (whom I believe
To be most strait in virtue)

"That, in the working of your own affections,
"Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
"Or that the resolute acting of your blood
"Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,"
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. "I not deny,
"The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
"May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
"Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to
"justice,

"That justice seizes. What know the laws,
"That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
"The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
"Because we see it; but what we do not see,
"We tread upon, and never think of it."

You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,

And

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it, as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit. Prov.*]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

“ *Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.*

“ *Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

“ *Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

“ *Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

“ *Ang.* Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

“ *Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

“ *Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

“ *Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

“ *Clown.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

“ *Ang.* What are you, sir?

“ *Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

“ *Escal.* How know you that?

“ *Elb.*

" *Elb.* My wife, fir, whom I detest before heaven and
 " your honour,——

" *Escal.* How! thy wife?

" *Elb.* Ay, fir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest
 " woman;——

" *Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

" *Elb.* I say, fir, I will detest myself also, as well as she,
 " that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of
 " her life, for it is a naughty house.

" *Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

" *Elb.* Marry, fir, by my wife; who, if she had been a
 " woman cardinally given, might have been accused in
 " fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

" *Escal.* By the woman's means?

" *Elb.* Ay, fir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as
 " she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

" *Clown.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

" *Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honour-
 " able man, prove it.

" *Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To ANGELO.]

" *Clown.* Sir, she came in great with child; and long-
 " ing (saying your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes;
 " fir, we had but two in the house, which at that very
 " distant time stood as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of
 " some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes;
 " they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

" *Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, fir.

" *Clown.* No, indeed, fir, not of a pin; you are therein
 " in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress
 " Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bel-
 " ley'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but
 " two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very
 " man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, pay-
 " ing for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master
 " Froth, I cou'd not give you three pence again.

" *Froth.* No, indeed.

" *Clown.* Very well: you being then, if you be remem-
 " ber'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

" *Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

" *Clown.* Why, very well: I telling you then, if you
 " be

"be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were
 "past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very
 "good diet, as I told you."

"*Froth.* All this is true.

"*Clown.* Why, very well then.

"*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the pur-
 "pose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath
 "cause to complain of? come me to what was done to
 "her.

"*Clown.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

"*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

"*Clown.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your ho-
 "nour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master
 "Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year;
 "whose father dy'd at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hal-
 "lowmas, master Froth?

"*Froth.* All-holland eve.

"*Clown.* Why, very well: I hope here be truths: He,
 "sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the
 "*Bunch of grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to
 "sit, have you not?

"*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and
 "good for winter.

"*Clown.* Why, very well then;—I hope here be
 "truths.

"*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia,
 "When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
 "And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
 "Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

"*Escal.* I think no less: Good morrow to your lord-
 "ship. [Exit ANGELO.

"Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife,
 "once more?

"*Clown.* Once, sir? there was nothing done to her
 "once.

"*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did
 "to my wife.

"*Clown.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

"*Escal.* Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

"*Clown.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's
 "face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis
 "for

“for a good purpose : Doth your honour mark his
“face ?

“*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

“*Clown.* Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

“*Escal.* Well, I do so.

“*Clown.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face ?

“*Escal.* Why, no.

“*Clown.* I’ll be suppos’d upon a book, his face is the
“worst thing about him : Good then ; if his face be the
“worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the
“constable’s wife any harm ? I would know that of your
“honour.

“*Escal.* He’s in the right : constable, what say you
“to it ?

“*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected
“house ; next, that is a respected fellow ; and his mistress
“is a respected woman.

“*Clown.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected
“person than any of us all.

“*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest ; thou liest, wicked varlet :
“the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with
“man, woman, or child.

“*Clown.* Sir, she was respected with him before he
“marry’d with her.

“*Escal.* Which is the wiser here ? Justice or Iniquity ?
“—Is this true ?

“*Elb.* O thou caitiff ! O thou varlet ! O thou wicked
“Hannibal ! I respected with her, before I was marry’d
“to her ? If ever I was respected with her, or she with
“me, let not your worship think me the poor duke’s of-
“ficer :—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I’ll have
“mine action of battery on thee.

“*Escal.* If he took you a box o’ the ear, you might
“have your action of slander too.

“*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it : What
“is’t your worship’s pleasure I shall do with this wicked
“caitiff ?

“*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences
“in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let
“him continue in his courses, till thou know’st what they
“are.

“*Elb.*

“ *Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou
 “ feest, thou wicked varlet now, what’s come upon thee;
 “ thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to con-
 “ tinue.

“ *Escal.* Where were you born, friend? [*To FROTH.*

“ *Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

“ *Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

“ *Froth.* Yes, and’t please you, sir.

“ *Escal.* So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[*To the Clown.*

“ *Clown.* A tapster; a poor widow’s tapster.

“ *Escal.* Your mistress’s name?

“ *Clown.* Mistress Overdone.

“ *Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

“ *Clown.* Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

“ *Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth.

“ Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with
 “ tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you
 “ will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more
 “ of you.

“ *Froth.* I thank your worship: For mine own part,
 “ I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am
 “ drawn in.

“ *Escal.* Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewel.

“ —Come you hither to me, master Tapster; what’s your
 “ name, master Tapster?

“ *Clown.* Pompey.

“ *Escal.* What else?

“ *Clown.* Bum, sir,

“ *Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing
 “ about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are
 “ Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd,
 “ Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being tapster; Are
 “ you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for
 “ you.

“ *Clown.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

“ *Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a
 “ bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is
 “ it a lawful trade?

“ *Clown.* If the law will allow it, sir.

“ *Escal.*

" *Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor
" it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

" *Clown.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all
" the youth in the city?

" *Escal.* No, Pompey.

" *Clown.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't
" then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and
" the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

" *Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell
" you: it is but heading and hanging.

" *Clown.* If you head and hang all that offend that way
" but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a
" commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna
" ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three
" pence a bay: If you live to see this come to pass, say,
" Pompey told you so.

" *Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey: and in requital of
" your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not
" find you before me again upon any complaint whatso-
" ever, no not for dwelling were you do; if I do, Pom-
" pey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd
" Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have
" you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

" *Clown.* I thank your worship for your good counsel;
" but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better
" determine.

" Whip me? No, no: let carman whip his jade;

" The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

" *Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hi-
" ther, master constable. How long have you been in
" this place of constable?

" *Elb.* Seven years and a half, sir.

" *Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you
" had continued in it some time: You say, seven years
" together?

" *Elb.* And a half, sir,

" *Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you! they
" do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not
" men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

" *Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as
" they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them; I
" do

" do it for some piece of money, and go through with
" all.

" *Escal.* Look you, bring me in the names of some six
" or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

" *Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

" *Escal.* To my house: Fare you well.

" What's o'clock, think you?

" *Just.* Eleven, sir.

" *Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

" *Just.* I humbly thank you.

" *Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio;

" But there's no remedy.

" *Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

" *Escal.* It is but needful:

" Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

" Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

" But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

" Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

" ANGELO'S house. *Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

" *Serv.* He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

" I'll tell him of you.

" *Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant*] I'll know

" His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,

" He hath but as offended in a dream!

" All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he

" To die for it!—

" *Enter ANGELO.*

" *Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost?"

Prov. Is it your will Claudio should die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Who dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen,

When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

Ang.

Ang. Go to ; let that be mine :
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place ; and that with speed.

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister ?

Prov. Ay, my good lord ; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant,
" See you, the fornicatrefs be remov'd ;
" Let her have needful, but not lavish means ;
" There shall be order for it."

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

" *Prov.* Save your honour !"

Ang. " Stay yet a while."—[*To ISAB.*] You are welcome : What's your will ?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well ; what's your suit ?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;
For which I would not plead, but that I must ;
For which I would not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give the moving graces !

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault condemn'd, ere it be done :
Mine were the very cypher of a function,

C

To

To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Ifab. O just, but severe law !

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Giv't not o'er so : to him again,
intreat him ;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;
You are too cold : if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :
To him I say.

Ifab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Ifab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Ifab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Ifab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To ISABELLA.*]

Ifab. Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again : Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt, like him ; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Ifab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him : there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Ifab. Alas ! alas !

Why,

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
 And He that might the vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy: How would you be,
 If he, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid:

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
 It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden! Spare him,
 spare him;

"He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
 "We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heaven
 "With less respect than we do minister
 "To our gross selves?" Good, good my lord, bethink you:
 Who is it that hath died for this offence?
 There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
 slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
 If the first man, that did the edict infringe,
 Had answer'd for his deed: "now, 'tis awake;
 "Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
 "Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
 "(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
 "And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
 "Are now to have no successive degrees,
 "But, ere they live, to end."

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
 For then I pity those I do not know,
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
 And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
 Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
 And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thun-
der.—

Merciful heaven !

Thou rather with thy sharp and fulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle : O, but man, proud man,
(Drest in a little brief authority ;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep ; “ who, with our spleens,
“ Would all themselves laugh mortal.

“ *Lucio.* Oh, to him, to him, wench : he will relent,
“ He's coming ; I perceiv't.”

Prov. Pray heaven she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :
Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

“ *Lucio.* Thou'rt in the right, girl ; more o' that.

“ *Isab.* That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
“ Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

“ *Lucio.* Art advis'd o' that ? more on't.”

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top : Go to your bosom ;
Knock there ; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault : if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.

Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

[*To ISAB.*]

Ang.

Ang. I will bethink me :—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : " Good my lord, turn back."

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all, else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them : but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise ; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.

" *Lucio.* Go to ; 'tis well ; [*Aside to ISAB.*] away."

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !

Ang. Amen :

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

[*Aside.*

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour ! [*Exeunt LUCIO and ISAB.*

Ang. From thee ; even from thy virtue !—

What's this ? what's this ? Is this her fault, or mine ?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most ? Ha !
Not she ; nor doth she tempt : but it is I,
That lying, by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness ? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there ? Oh, fie, fie, fie !
What dost thou ? or what art thou, Angelo ?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good ? Oh, let her brother live :
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What ? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? "What is't I dream on?"
 Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a faint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[Exit.

S C E N E III.

*A Prison. Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and
 Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison: do me the common right
 To let me see them; and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were need-
 ful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman "of mine,
 "Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
 "Hath blister'd her report:" She is with child;
 And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
 More fit to do another such offence,
 Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to morrow.—
 I have provided for you; stay a while, [To JULIET.
 And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed ?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so daughter : But lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
“ Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven ;
“ Shewing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
“ But as we stand in fear.—”

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil ;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him :

Grace go with you ! *benedicite.*

[*Exit.*

“ *Juliet.* Must die to-morrow ! Oh, injurious love,
“ That respites me a life, whose very comfort
“ Is still a dying horror !

“ *Prov.* 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

ANGELO's House. Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects : heaven hath my empty words ;
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel : Heaven is in my mouth,
“ As if I did but only chew its name ;”
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception : The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious ; yea, my gravity,

C 4

Wherein

Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming? "Blood, thou art but blood:
 "Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 "'Tis not the devil's crest."

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heavens!
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 "Making both it unable for itself,
 "And dispossessing all my other parts
 "Of necessary fitness?
 "So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 "Come all to help him, and to stop the air
 "By which he should revive: and even so
 "The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
 "Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 "Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 "Must needs appear offence."

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Ifab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
 please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Ifab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
 As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Ifab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Ifab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
 Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
 That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
 In stamps that are forbid : " 'tis all as easy
 " Falsely to take away a life true made,
 " As to put metal in restrained means,
 " To make a false one."

Ifab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so ? then I shall poze you quickly.
 Which had you rather, That the most just law
 Now took your brother's life ; or, to redeem him,
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
 As she that he hath stain'd ?

Ifab. Sir, believe this,
 I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul ; Our compell'd sins
 Stand more for number than for accompt.

Ifab. How say you ?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can speak
 Against the thing I say. Answer to this,—
 I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life :
 Might there not be a charity in sin,
 To save this brother's life ?

Ifab. Please you to do't,
 I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
 It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
 Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Ifab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heaven, let me bear it ! you granting of my suit,
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me :
 Your sense pursues not mine : either you are ignorant ;
 Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good.

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
 When it doth tax itself : " as these black masks

" Proclaim

"Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
 "Than beauty could displayed."—But mark me;
 To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
 Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
 Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
 (As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the loss of question) that you, his sister,
 Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-binding law; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
 Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
 That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
 Are of two houses: lawful mercy
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me my lord; it oft falls out
 To have what we would have, we speak not what we
 mean:

I some-

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
“ If not a feodary, but only he,
“ Owe, and succeed by weakness.”

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
“ Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
“ In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;”
For we are as soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold,—
I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on my honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—“ Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unfoil'd name, the austereness of my life,

My

My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
 Will so your accusation over-weigh,
 That you shall stifle in your own report,
 And smell of calumny. I have begun;
 And now I give my sensual race the rein:
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
 Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
 That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will;
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof!
 Bidding the law make court'ry to their will;
 "Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 "To follow, as it draws; I'll to my brother:
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody-blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Prison. Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke.

So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope:

I have

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. "Thou art not thyself;
"For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
"That issue out of dust:" Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: "Thou art not certain;
"For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
"After the moon;" If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, "and doth beg the alms
"Of palsied eld;" and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter

Enter ISABELLA.

Ifab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Ifab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. *[Exeunt Duke and Provost.]*

Claud. Now, sister what's the comfort?

Ifab. Why, as all comforts are: most good indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Ifab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Ifab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

"Claud. Perpetual durance?

"Ifab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
"Though all the world's vastidity you had,
"To a determin'd scope."

Claud. But in what nature?

Ifab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio: and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters, more respect

Than

Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness; If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.

Isab. There spake my brother? there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,—
“Whose settled visage and deliberate word
“Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
“As falcon doth the fowl,”—is yet a devil;
“His filth within being cast, he would appear
“A pond as deep as hell.”

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
“The damned'st body to invest and cover
“In princely guards!” Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, for this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?
When he would force it, sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud.

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh Isabel!

Ifab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thriling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Ifab. "Oh, you beast!"
Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Ifab. Oh, fie, fie, fie;
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :

'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh, hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO aside.*] Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures : She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit CLAUD. Re-enter Provost.*]

Duke. Hold you there ; Farewel. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. " That now you are come, you will be gone : " Leave me a while with the maid ; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good : the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo :

D

How

How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! if ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great foldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her "combinate" husband, this well seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake; and he,

he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands “to the point;” only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted. The poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. “It lies much in your holding up:” Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke’s; there, at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana: “at that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.”

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

The street. Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elbow. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and "furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing."

Elb. Come your way, fir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, fir?

Elb. Marry, fir, he hath offended the law; "and, fir, "we take him to be a thief too, fir; for we have found "upon him, fir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent "to the deputy."

Duke. Fie, firrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou caus'est to be done, That is thy means to live: "Do thou but think "What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back, "From such a filthy vice: say, to thyself,— "From their abominable and beastly touches "I drink, I eat, array myself, and live." Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, fir; but yet, fir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, fir; he has given him warning:

warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from all faults, "as faults from seeming free!"

Enter LUCIO.

"*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir."

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry bail; here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, "for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting "it clutched? what reply? ha? what say'st thou to this "tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last "rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, "man? Which is the way? is it sad, and few words? or "how? the trick of it?

"*Duke.* Still thus, and thus! still worse!

"*Lucio.*" How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

"*Clown.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and "she is herself in the tub.

"*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must "be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: "an unshun'd consequence; it must be so:" Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewel, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage:

if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more:
Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

“ Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?”

Elb. Come your ways, fir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, fir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad,
friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, fir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go:

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia;
other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him
well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal
from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born
to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts
transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm
in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred;
it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it
quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They
say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after
the downright way of creation; Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some,
that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—“ But it is
“ certain, that when he makes water, his urine is con-
“ geal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion
“ ungenerative, that's infallible.”

Duke. You are pleasant, fir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for
“ the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a
“ man?” Would the duke, that is absent, have done this?
ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred
bastards,

bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand : he had some feeling of the sport ; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detested for women ; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who ? not the duke ? yes, your beggar of fifty ; —and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish : the duke had crotchets in him : He would be drunk too ; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his : a shy fellow was the duke : and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause ?

Lucio. No—pardon ;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips : but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife ? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking ; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helm'd, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier : Therefore, you speak unskilfully ; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him : If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it : I am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name ?

Lucio Sir, my name is Lucio ; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope, the duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first : thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this : Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no ?

Duke. Why should he die, sir ?

Lucio. Why ? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. " I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again : this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered ; he would never bring them to light : Would he were return'd ! marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing." Farewel, good friar ; I prythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it ; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick : say, that I said so. Farewel. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes : What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?
But who comes here ?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, " Bawd, and Officers.

" Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

" Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me ; your honour
" is accounted a merciful man : good my lord.

" Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind ? this would make mercy swear,
" and play the tyrant.

" Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it
" please your honour.

" Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against

"gainst me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by
"him in the duke's time, he promis'd her marriage; his
"child is a year and quarter old, come Philip and Ja-
"cob; I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about
"to abuse me.

"*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let
"him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison;
"Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*]
Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio
must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines,
and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought
by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar has been with him, and
advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, "lately" come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on good-
ness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only
in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind
of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any under-
taking. "There is scarce truth enough alive, to make
"societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships
"accurs'd:" Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of
the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's
news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke.

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended es-
pecially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than
merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice:
a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his
events, with a prayer that they may prove prosperous;
and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio pre-
par'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him
visitation.

Duke.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid "the heavens your function, "and" the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.
[Exit.

Duke. Peace be with you!
He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
"Pattern in himself to know,
"Grace to stand, and virtue go;"
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
"How may that likeness, made in crimes,
"Making practice on the times,
"Draw with idle spiders' strings
"Most pond'rous and substantial things!"
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lye
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

H. Grange. “Enter MARIANA, and Boy singing.

“SONG.

“Take, oh, take those lips away,
 “That so sweetly were forsworn;
 “And those eyes, the break of day,
 “Lights that do mis-lead the morn:
 “But my kisses bring again,
 “bring again,
 “Seals of love, but seal’d in vain,
 “seal’d in vain.

“*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick a-
 “way;

“Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 “Hath often still’d my brawling discontent.—”

Enter Duke.

“I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
 “You had not found me here so musical:
 “Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
 “My mirth it much displeas’d, but pleas’d my woe.

“*Duke.* ’Tis good: though music oft hath such a
 “charm,

“To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
 “I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir’d for me here
 “to-day? much upon this time, have I promis’d here to
 “meet.

“*Mari.* You have not been enquir’d after: I have sat
 “here all day.”

Enter ISABELLA.

“*Duke.* I do constantly believe you:
 “The time is come, even now. I shall crave your for-
 “bearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for
 “some advantage to yourself.

“*Mari.* I am always bound to you.

[Exit.”
Duke.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden "circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is" with a vineyard back'd ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't :
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance ?

Isab. No, none ; but only a repair i' the dark ;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief : for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this :—What, ho ! within ! come forth !

"*Re-*"enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid,
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do ; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear :
I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside ?

[*Exeunt MAR. and ISAB.*

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes

Are

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
 Run with these false and most contrarious quests
 Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dream,
 And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
 If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
 But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
 When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
 He is your husband on a pre-contract:
 To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
 Sith that the justice of your title to him
 Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
 Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Prison. Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind;

mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson ! where's Abhorson, there ?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution : " if you think it meet, compound " with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; " if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him : " he cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir ? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.*

Clown. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery ?

Abhor. Ay, sir ; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, use painting, do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man think it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed ?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him ; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd ; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

Clown. I desire to learn, sir ; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare : for, truly, sir, your kindness, I owe you a good turn. [Exit.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :
One has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, “ though he were my brother.”

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones :
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do him good ?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [Exit CLAUD.] “ But, hark,
what noise ?” [Knock within.

Heaven give your spirits comfort !—“ By and by ;—
“ I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
“ For the most gentle Claudio.—” Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Invellop you, good provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Prov. Not Isabel ?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio ?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice ;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power

To

To qualify in others : were he meal'd
 With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ;
 But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[*Knock. Provost goes out.*]

This is a gentle provost ; Seldom, when
 The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
 How now ? what noise ? that spirit's possess'd with haste,
 That wounds the unresisting postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, " speaking to one at the Door."

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer
 Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
 But he must die to-morrow ?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
 You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
 You something know ; yet, I believe there comes
 No countermand ; " no such example have we :
 " Besides, upon the very siege of justice,"
 Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
 Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note ; and by me this
 further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest ar-
 ticle of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
 Good morrow ; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

Duke. " This is his pardon ; purchas'd by such sin,

[*Aside.*]

" For which the pardoner himself is in :
 " Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
 " When it is borne in high authority :
 " When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
 " That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—"
 Now, sir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me
 remiss

remits in my office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on : methinks, strangely ; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the Letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd ; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir ?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

Prov. A Bohemian born ; but here nurs'd up and bred : one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him ? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him : And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent ?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison ? how seems he to be touch'd ?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none : " he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison ; give him leave to escape hence he would not : drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk." We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, " and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it ;" it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy : if I read it not
E truly,

truly, my ancient skill beguiles me ; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him : To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite ; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray sir, in what ?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack ! how may I do it ? having the hour limited ; an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser : and you may add to it. Shave the head, "and tie the beard ;" and say, it was the desire of the penitent "to be so barb'd" before his death ? you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing ?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke ; You know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke ; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not : for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance of the duke's death ; perchance entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd : Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd ; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds ; of which he made five marks, ready money : marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile, the mercer, for some four suits of peach'd-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forth-right the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more ; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake."

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the foundet all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father: Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hardly you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall

shall beat out my brains with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, fir, you must : and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word : if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die : “ Oh, gravel heart !—
“ After him, fellows ; bring him to the block.”

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*

Prov. Now, fir, how do you find the prisoner ?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard and head,
Just of his colour ; What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd ;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides !
Dispatch it presently ; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo : See, this be done,
And sent according to command ; while I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
“ But Barnardine must die this afternoon : ”
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio :
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find

Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—

The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents

Shall witness to him, I am near at home ;

And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

To enter publickly : him I'll desire

To meet me at the consecrated fount,

A league below the city ; and from thence,

By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,

We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift return ;

For I would commune with you of such things,

That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

Duke. The tongue of Isabel :—She's come to know,

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of despair,

When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world :
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other :

“ Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

“ *Isab.* Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

“ *Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.”

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel !

Injurious

Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot :
 Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.
 Mark, what I say ; which you shall find
 By every syllable, a faithful verity :
 The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes ;
 One of our convent, and his confessor,
 Gives me this instance : already he hath carry'd
 Notice to Escalus and Angelo ;
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
 There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
 wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go ;
 And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
 Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
 And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give ;
 'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return :
 Say, by this token, I desire him company
 At Mariana's house to night. Her cause, and yours,
 I'll perfect him withal ; and he shall bring you
 Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo
 Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
 I am combined by a sacred vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter ;
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,
 If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even !

Friar, where is the provost ?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to
 see thy eyes so red : thou must be patient ; I am fain to
 dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my
 head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to't :
 But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my
 troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother : if the old fantastical
 duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd.

E 4

[*Exit* ISABELLA.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your report; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Palace. Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd the other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; "and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us."

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Be-times i' the morn, I'll call you at your house:

Give

Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforce'd,
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?

“no:”

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

“*Changes to the Fields without the Town. Enter Duke in his own Habit, and Friar PETER.*”

“*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me.

“[*Giving letters.*]

“The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.

“The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,

“And hold you ever to our special drift;

“Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,

“As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,

“And tell him were I stay: give the like notice

“Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,

“And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;

“But send me Flavius first.

“*Peter.* It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit Friar.*]

“*Enter*

“ *Enter* VARRIUS.

“ *Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good
“ haste :

“ Come, we will walk : There’s other of our friends

“ Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

“ S C E N E II.

“ *Enter* ISABELLA and MARIANA.

“ *Ifab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loth ;

“ I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,

“ That is your part : yet I’m advis’d to do it ;

“ He says, to vail full purpose.

“ *Mari.* Be rul’d by him.

“ *Ifab.* Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure

“ He speak against me on the adverse side,

“ I should not think it strange ; for ’tis a physick,

“ That’s bitter to sweet end.

“ *Mari.* I would, friar Peter—

“ *Ifab.* Oh, peace ; the friar is come.

“ *Enter* Friar PETER.

“ *Peter.* Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

“ Where you may have such vantage of the duke,

“ He shall pass you : Twice have the trumpets sounded ;

“ The generous and gravest citizens

“ Have bent the gates, and very near upon

“ The duke is entering ; therefore hence, away.

“ [*Exeunt.*”

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A publick Place near the City. Enter Duke, “ VAR-

RIUS,” Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, “ and

“ Citizens” at several doors.

Duke.

MY very worthy cousin, fairly met:—

Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you

Ang.

And. ang. Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made enquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; "and I should
wrong it,

"To look in the wards of covert bosom,
"When it deserves with characters of brass
"A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
"And razure of oblivion:" Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out.*

Enter PETER and ISABELLA.

Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before
him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
Oh worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, "justice!"

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? by whom? be
brief:

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, oh, hear me,
"here."

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother.
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab.

Ifab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Ifab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
"That Angelo is an adulterous thief,"

An hypocrite; a virgin violater;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Ifab. Is it not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Ifab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seem unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad (as I believe no other)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Ifab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Ifab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother : One Lucio
Was then the messenger ;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace :
I came from her to Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then ;
Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caltiff-deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it ;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd me, and how I reply'd ;
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter :
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
“ To his concupiscible intemperate lust,”
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him : But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !

Isab

Ifab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain?

Ifab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer—
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Ifab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this' a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a faucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her

As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that friar Lodowick, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: "Upon his mere request,
" (Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
" Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
" To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
" Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
" And all probation, will make up full clear,
" Whenever he's convented. First," for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—

O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

Give us some feats.—Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I will be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded.*]

Enter MARIANA, veil'd.

First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then:—

Neither

Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
Are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband: yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord; it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so
too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges the more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [To MARI.]

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
"Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
"But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's."

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee "at thy garden-house,"
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I knew this woman ;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her : which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition ; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity : since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows : " and, my good lord,
" But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
" He knew me as a wife : " As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument !

Ang. I did but smile 'till now ;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
My patience here is touch'd : I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on : let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.——
Thou foolish friar ; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone ! think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular faint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation ?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.——
There is another friar, that set them on ;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord ; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your provost knows the place where he abides,

And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

[Exit.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior Lucio,
did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a
dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in nothing,
but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villain-
ous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come,
“and enforce them against him:” We shall find this
friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; I would
speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to
question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately,
she should sooner confess: perchance, publickly she'll be
asham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost. ISABELLA
is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at mid-
night.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewoman denies
all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here
with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, 'till
we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; did you set these women on to slan-
der lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he, I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
"And in the witness of his proper ear,"
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by
joint,

But we will know this purpose:—What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: "laws, for all faults;
"But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
"Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
"As much in mock as mark."

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-
pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
voice:

voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to prison:—"Where is the provost?—Away " with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let " him speak no more;"—away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir: foh, sir; Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—

Sneak not away, sir; [*to Lucio.*] for the friar and you Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—

[*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:

[*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That

That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:

"Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
"Advertising, and holy to your business,
"Not changing heart with habit, I am still
"Attorney'd at your service."

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; "and would not rather
"Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
"Than let him be so lost:" Oh, most kind maid,
It was swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,

Than

Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort,
So, happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him
For Mariana's sake : But as he adjudg'd your brother
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity ; and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life),
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested ;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage :
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste ;—
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband !

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband :

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come : for his possessions
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour ;—
Away with him to death.—“ Now, sir, to you.

[*To Lucio.*]
Mari. Oh, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take my part ;
Lend

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
" Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;
" Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
" They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
" And, for the most, become much more the better
" For being a little bad ; so may my husband."
Oh, Isabel ! will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me ; since it is so,
Let him not die : my brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault :—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :
Give me up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,

I have

I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIETTA.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—"Friar, advise him;
"I leave him to your hand."—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake [*To Isab.*]
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
"Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,"
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[*To Lucio.*]

One all of luxury, an ass, a mad-man ;
Wherein have I deserv'd so of you,
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick : if you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city ;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child), let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore ! your highness said even now, I made you a duke ; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits :—Take him to prison :
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo ;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :
" There's more behind, that is more grate."—
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place :—
" Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
" The head of Ragozine for Claudio's ;
" The offence pardons itself."—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's, and what is yours is mine :—
So bring us to our palace ; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO,

Sir TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*

Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.*

A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.

FABIAN, *Servant to Olivia.*

MALVOLIO, *a fantastical Steward to Olivia.*

Clown, Servant to Olivia.

W O M E N.

OLIVIA, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, beloved by the Duke.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Priests, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*a City on the Coast of Illyria.*

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke.

IF music be the food of love play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough, no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why so I do, the noblest that I have;
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought the purg'd the air of pestilence,
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please, my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections), with one self-same king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love thoughts lie rich when canopy'd with bowers.

S C E N E II. *The Street.*

Enter VIOLA, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Capt. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Capt. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O, my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Capt. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and that poor number sav'd with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea,
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Capt. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Capt. A noble duke in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Capt. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him;
He was a batchelor then.

Capt. And so is now, or was so lately;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do the less will prattle of),
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Capt. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

Capt. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft, close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,

It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap to time I will commit;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Capt. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
 When my tongue blabs then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am; these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed—almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he

hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coys-tril that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost—

Sir To. You mistake, knight, accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw a sword again; fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free; I pray you bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, fir.

Sir And. Why, I think so! I am not such an afs but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, fir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, fir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand I am barren.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life I think, unless you see canary put me down: Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Porquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *porquoy*? do or not do, I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-beating: O had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revells sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria whatsoever he be under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in Man's Attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.

B 3

Duke. Stand you a while aloof.—Cesario,
 Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
 To thee the book even of my secret soul:
 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
 Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
 And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
 Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
 If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
 As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds
 Rather than make unprofit'd return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the passion of my love,
 Surprise her with the discourse of my dear faith:
 It shall become thee well to act my woes;
 She will attend it better in thy youth,
 Than in a nuncio of a more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
 For they shall yet belie thy happy years
 That say thou art a man; Diana's lip
 Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
 Is as the maiden's organ shrill and sound,
 And all is semblative a woman's part.
 I know thy constellation is right apt
 For this affair:—Some four or five attend him;
 All, if you will; for I myself am best
 When least in company:—Prosper well in this
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
 To woo your lady: [*Exit Duke.*] yet a barrful strife!
 Whoe'er I woo myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I
 will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way
 of thy excuse; my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this world needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that faying was born of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that you may be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it, and those that are fools let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold, or if both break your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher

mend him: Any thing that's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore I say again take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, Madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me?

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox! but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him he is gagged. I protest I

take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite; to be generous, guileless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*!

Enter Sir TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herring!—how now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and the third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o'my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you; I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach; call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orfino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,
—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for
I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech;
for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken
great pains to con it. Good beauties let me sustain no
scorn; I am very comptible even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir.

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and
that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give
me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that
I may proceed in my speech?

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs
of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the
lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself;
for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But
this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in
your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you
the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis
poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep
it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd
your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you.
If you be not mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief:
'tis not that time of the moon with me to make one in
so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little
longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as a maiden-head; to your ears divinity, to any other's profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; [*Exit MAR.*] we will hear this divinity. Now, fir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and shew you the picture. Look you, fir, such an one I was this present: Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, fir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, fir, I will not be so hard-hearted, I will give out divers schedules of my beauty; it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will; as *item*, two lips indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; *item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the devil you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more,
Unless perchance you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well;
I thank you for your pains, spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master not myself lacks recompense.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—
*I am a gentleman.—*I'll be sworn thou art;
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
 Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—soft! soft!
 Unless the master were the man.—How now?
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 With an invisible and subtle stealth,
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
 What, ho, Malvolio—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
 The county's man; he left this ring behind him,
 Would I or not; tell him I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him:
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow
 I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate shew thy force; ourselves we do not owe:
 What is decreed must be, and be this so!

[*Exit.*

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *The Street.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN,

Antonio.

WILL you stay no longer, nor will you not, that
 I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no; my stars shine darkly over
 me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper

yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me know of you whither you are bound?

Seb. No, in sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in, therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of; he left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not with such estimable wonder over far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair; she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: Farewell. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO at several Doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lords taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me! I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me sure! the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man;—If it be so (as 'tis), Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise I see thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms? Alas, our frailty is the cause not we; For such as we are made, if such we be. How will this sadge? My master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O, time, thou must entangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

S C E N E III. OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY and Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew; not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes, and *diluculo surgere* thou know'st—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth I know not; but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Cl. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has. In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus; 'twas very good i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Had'st it?

Cl. I did impetticoat thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why this is the best fooling when all is done. Now a song.

Sir To. Come on, there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

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Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, fir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight! I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.*

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.*

Am not I confanguineous? am I not of her blood?

Tilly vally, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, *the twelfth day of December*—— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches.
Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, *since I must needs be gone.*

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. *His eyes do shew his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[*Singing.*

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. Shall I bid him go and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

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Sir To. Out o'tune, fir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, fir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria?—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't knight; I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed; I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us! tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, fir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't; but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most

feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night to bed and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Good-night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me—What o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast he i'the end, call me Cut. I not

Sir And. If I do not never trust me, take it how You will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, tis too, late to go to-bed: come, knight; come knight.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good-morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

C 3

That old and antique song we heard last night :
 Methought it did relieve my passion much ;
 More than light airs and recollected terms
 Of these most brisk and giddy-pac'd times :——
 Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in, he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.* [*Music.*

Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
 In the sweet pangs of it remember me :
 For such as I am all true lovers are ;
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
 Save in the constant image of the creature
 That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
 Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
 My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
 Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves—
 Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven : Let still the woman take
 An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
 Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :

For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cefario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, fir?

Duke. Ay, pr'ithee, sing

[*Music.*]

S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strewn;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, ! O where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, fir; I take pleasure in singing, fir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, fir, and pleasure will be paid one time or
other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing,—Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.— Exeunt.
Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so? must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme,
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. OLIVIA's Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the nig-
gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know he brought me
out of favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again: and we
will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my
nettle of India?

Mar. Get you all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's
coming down this walk: he has been yonder i'the sun,
practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour:
observe him for the love of mockery: for I know this
letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in
the name of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the
trout that must be caught with tickling.

[They hide themselves; MARIA throws down a letter and exit.]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't.

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown, the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight.

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew!

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes: her very phrases!—By your leave wax.—Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows! the number's alter'd!

No man must know:—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore :*

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;*

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench ! say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him !

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it !

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me ; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident, to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this ;—And the end ;—What should that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly ;—*M. O. A. I !*

Sir To. O, ay ! make up that : he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*—Malvolio ;—*M*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry *O* !

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.*—This stimulation is not as the former :—and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me ; for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft ! here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And to innare thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surley with servants : let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of*

singularity: She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She, that would alter services with thee, The Fortunate-unhappy. Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point-de-vice* the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not chuse but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ithee.*—Jove, I thank thee;—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowery with her but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond slave?

Sir And. I faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why thou hast put him in such a dream; that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *aquavitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and it is a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exit.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I. OLIVIA's Garden.

Enter VIOLA and Clown.

Viola.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age?—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, fir; I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, fir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, fir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, fir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, fir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are like herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenss for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, fir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, fir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, fir. I will confter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin: I might say element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool: And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons and the time;

And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly fallen quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY and Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Save you, gentlemen.

Vio. And you, sir,

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.—Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsaf'd ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed!*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut and, leave me to my hearing.

[Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.]
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam I come to wet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment (you did hear),
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I fit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your re-
ceiving

Enough is shewn; a cyprus not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice; for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way due west.

Vio. Then westward ho!

D

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pr'ithee tell me what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am,

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon,

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But rather reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart which now abhors to like his love [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *An Apartment in OLIVIA's House.*

Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me;
I saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy! tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an afs o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormous valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and, assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England—set'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen no matter; about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

D 2

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubicolo: Go.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings!

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant, that keeps school i'the church—I have dogg'd him like his murtherer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III, *The Street.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealous what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in those parts ; which, to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever : oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
But were my worth as is my conscience, firm,
you should find better dealing. What's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliicks of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city,

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me ;
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the duke his gallies
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear,

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse :
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,

Whiles you beguile your time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S House.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him; he say's he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in a very strange manner.

He is sure posselt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,

He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you if he come,
For sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither,—I'm as mad as he.

Enter MALVOLIO.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho ho!

[*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what
of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the
very true sonnet is: *Please one and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man; what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request; Yes: nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:—*'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,——*

Oli. Ha!

Mal. *Some atchieve greatness,——*

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings!——*

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. *And wisp'd to see thee cross-garter'd!*

Oli. Cross-garter'd!——

Mal. *Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;——*

Oli. Am I made!

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is a very midsummer madness.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for half my dowry. [Exit.]

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly

with the letter : she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him ; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she ;—*be opposite with a kinsman—surly with servants—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state—put thyself into the trick of singularity* ;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some fir, of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her ; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to* : Fellow ! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together ; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said ! Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and *Legion* himself possessest him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is ! How is't with you, sir ? how is't with you, man ?

Mal. Go off ; I discard you ; let me enjoy my private : go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks with him ! did not I tell you ?——Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

Sir To. Go to, go to ; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him ; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how is't with you ? What man ? defy the devil : consider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say ?

Mar. La you ! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart ! Pray God he be not bewitch'd !

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress ?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Prithee hold thy peace, this is not the way :
Do you not see you move him ? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock ? how dost thou chuck !

Mal. Sir !

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What man ! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan : hang him, foul collier !

Mar. Get him to say his prayers ; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx ;

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow things : I am not of your element ; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible ?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now ; lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad ; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen : But see ! but see !

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it ; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't,

Fab. Is't so saucy ?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir TOBY reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art, but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valient.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law.

Sir To. *Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,—*ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not his legs cannot: I'll giv't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou see'st him draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most

hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece : give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. *[Exeunt.]*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out :
There's something in me that reproves my fault ;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny ;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with my honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : Fare thee well ;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Sir TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast betake thee to't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end : dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free, and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob nob, is his word; giv't or tak't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrel purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman, till my return. [Exit Sir TOBY.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrament; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for it: I am one

that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and, on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plauge on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN, and VIOLA.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [*To FABIAN.*]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God, defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. [*They draw.*]

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet to do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here comes the officers.

Sir To. I will be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword if you please.

[*To Sir AND.*

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd
you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you
easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: it grieves me
much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindness
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainest, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love——
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us?—the time goes by;——
away.

Ant. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit ANTONIO with Officers.*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination! oh, prove true!
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
We'll wisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass! even such, and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[Exit Sir AND.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prithee vent thy folly some where else; Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.—I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee foolish Greek, depart from me ;
There's money for thee ; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand :—These
wise men that give fools money get themselves a good
report after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again ? there's for
you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.]

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there :
Are all the people mad ? [Beating Sir ANDREW.]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the
house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight : I would not
be in some of your coats for twopence [Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, sir ; hold. [Holding SEB.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to
work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against him
if there be any law in Illyria : though I struck him first,
yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my
young soldier, put up your iron : you are well flesh'd ;
come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou
now ? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what ? Nay, then I must have an ounce
or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw and fight.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby, on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam ?

Oli. Will it ever be thus ? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er was preach'd ? out of my sight !
Be not offended, dear Cesario !—

Rudesby, be gone !—I prithee gentle friend.

[Exeunt Sir TOBY and Sir ANDREW.]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway. E

In this uncivil and unjust extent
 Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
 May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go;
 Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish in this? how runs the stream?
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: Would thou'dst be rul'd
 by me?

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

S C E N E II. *An Apartment in OLIVIA's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee put on this gown and this beard;
 make him believe that thou art Sir Topas the curate; do
 it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself
 in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in
 such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the func-
 tion well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student:
 but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes
 as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The
 competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonus dies*, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of
 Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to
 a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: so I, being
 master parson, am master parson; for what is that but
 that; and is but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies.

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wron'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complaineest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreest: I say there's no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused; I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well; Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas——

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety, this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit with MAR.*]

Clo. *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*

[Singing.]

Mal. Fool——

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool——

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;——

Clo. *She loves another——* Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.— Who I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir Topas.— Marry amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,——

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I prithee be gone.

Clo.

*I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, Goodman devil.*

[Singing.

[Exit.

SCENE III. OLIVIA's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me! I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

E 3

To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As I perceive she does; there's something in't
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well
 Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry by: there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace: He shall conceal it
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth.—What do you say;

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens
 so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *The Street.*

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fabian.

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and in recompence desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know the well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends,

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes,

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo secundo tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let you lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown,

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Viz. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; E 4

Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
 As black as Vulcan in the smok of war :
 A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
 For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ;
 With which such scathful grapple did he make
 with the most noble bottom of our fleet,
 That very envy and the tongue of loss
 Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter ?

I Offi. Orfino, this is that Antonio
 That took the Phoenix and her freight from Candy ;
 And this is he that did the Tyger board
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
 I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
 Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orfino, noble sir,
 Be pleased that I shake off those names you give me ;
 Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orfino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
 That most ungrateful boy there by your side,
 From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add
 My love without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication : for his sake
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town ;
 Drew to defend him when he was beset :
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink ; deny'd me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town.

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before
(No interim; not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks
on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*?—Good my lord—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometimes favours nobly? But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
and that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
I've you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion whom I know you love,
And whom by heaven I swear I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.—
 Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
 To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
 If I do feign you witnesses above,
 Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you?—who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
 Call forth thy holy father.

Duke. Come, away. [To VIOLA.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband! Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
 Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
 Here to unfold (though lately we intended
 To keep in darkness what occasion now
 Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
 Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
 Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
 And all the ceremony of this compact
 Seal'd in my function by my testimony:
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
 I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW with his Head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; and send
 one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head across, and given Sir
 Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your
 help: I had rather than forty pounds I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario! we took
 him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario!

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my
 head for nothing: and that that I did I was set on to do't
 by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me! I never hurt you;
 You drew your sword upon me without cause;
 But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have
 hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more:
 but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled
 you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's
 an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, son?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago;
 his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a palsy-measure pavin:
 I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock
 with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be drest
 together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You through a strange regard upon me, and By that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons; A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O, my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?— An apple cleft in two is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there: I never had a brother: Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:— Of charity what kin are you to me? [To VIOLA. What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watry tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit, You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed; But am in that dimension grossly clad, Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say—Thrice welcome, drown'd Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maids weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To OLIVIA.]

But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein by my life deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck;

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times [To VIO.]
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings I will over swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentlemen, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a Letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you; I should have given't you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam.*——

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam. I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

Oli. Prithee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah.

[*To FABIAN.*

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induc'd me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-us'd MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. My lord, so please you, these things further thought on, To think me as well a sister as a wife, One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you, Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. Your master quits you: and, for your service done him, So much against the metal of your sex, [To VIOLA. So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, And since you call'd me master for so long, Here is my hand; you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter: You must not now deny it is your hand, Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention: You can say none of this: Well, grant it then, And tell me in the modesty of honour, Why you have given me such clear lights of favour; Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to frown Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people: And, acting this in an obedient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious geck and gull That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, Though, I confess, much like the character: But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand. And, now I do bethink me, it was she First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling, And in such forms which here were presuppos'd Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content: This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee: But when we know the grounds, and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak; And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come Taint the condition of this present hour Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess myself and Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance; In recompence whereof he hath marry'd her. How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one: *By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember, madam,—*Why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls;—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Clown sings.

*When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey ho, &c.*

*'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came, alas, to wive,
With hey ho, &c.*

*By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
With hey ho, &c.*

*With tofs-pot. still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey ho, &c.*

*But that's all one our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[*Exit.*]

THE END.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE,

DUMAIN,

BOYET,

MERCADE,

} *Three Lords, attending upon the King in his Retirement.*

} *Lords, attending upon the Princess of France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*

A Forrester.

WOMEN.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA,

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*

} *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

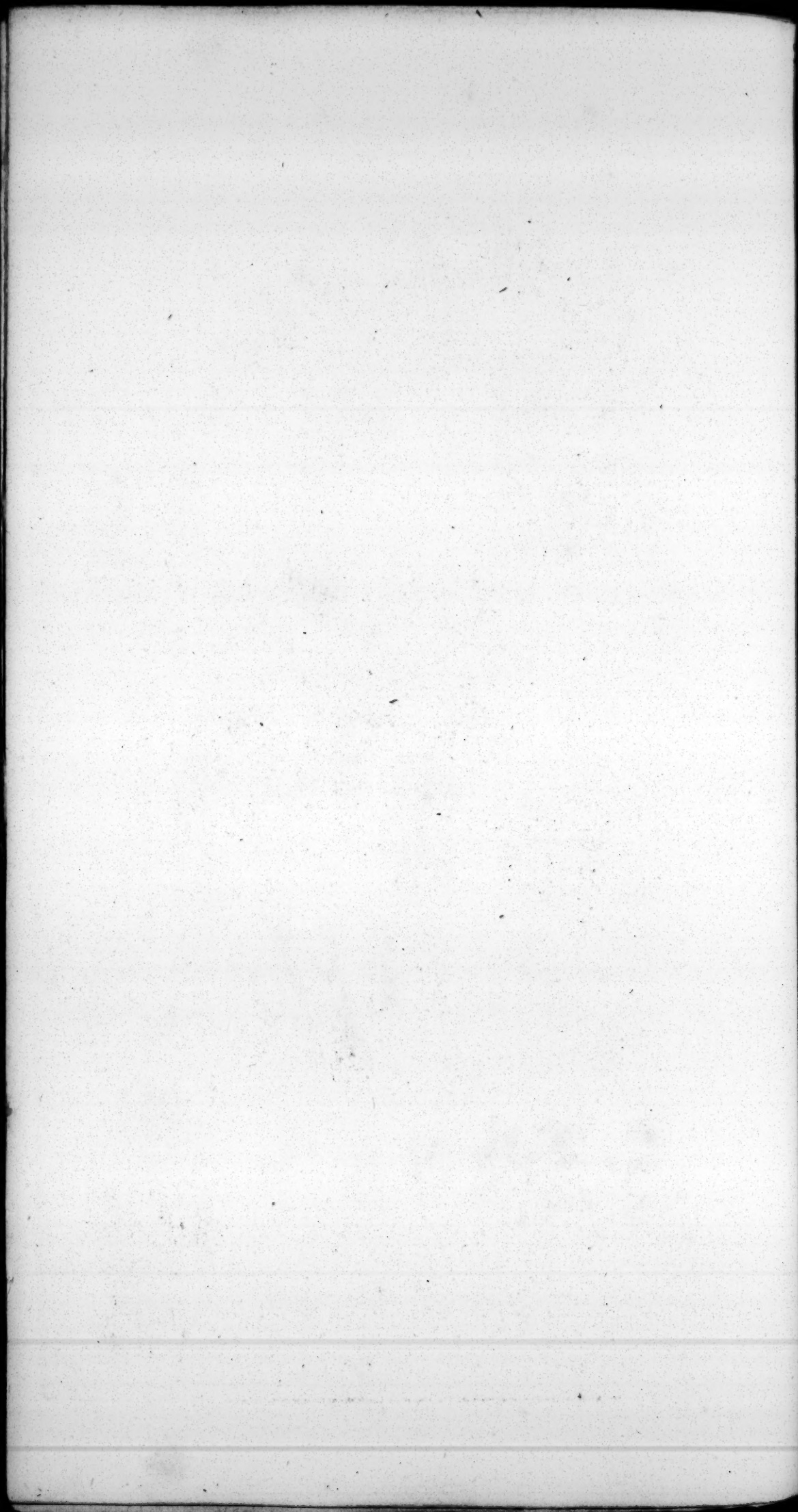
Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.*

This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe.
JOHNSON.



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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. The Palace. Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Far paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but banker-out the wits.

A 2

Dum.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd ;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances :
As, not to see a woman in that term ;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And, one day in a week to touch no food ;
And but one meal on every day beside ;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day) ;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, nor sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please ;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study ? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not
know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from com-
mon sense ?

King. Ay ; that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid ;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid :
Or, having sworn too hard a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

}

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain-delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weed-
ing.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a
breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?
 Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?
 At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
 Than with a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;
 But like of each thing that in season grows.
 So you, to study now it is too late,
 That were to climb o'er the house t'unlock the gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron ; adieu !

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
 Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
 Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
 And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same ;
 And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

Biron. Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.* [Reading.] Hath this been proclaimed ?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—*On pain of losing her tongue.*—[Reading.] Who devis'd this penalty ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty ?

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility !

Item, [Reading.] *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty.—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot ;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years space :
For every man with his affects is born ;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace :
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name :

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions are to others as to me ;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is
haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight .
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

}

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashions own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, and COSTARD, with a Letter.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme —, Arme, — commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempt thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her, in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's soft'ring patron.*—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet:

King.

King. *So it is.*—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. *So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebony-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, (Cost. Me.) that unletter'd small-kn wing soul, (Cost. Me.) that shallow vassal, (Cost. Still me.) which, as I remember, hight Costard, (Cost. O me!) sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with,—with—O with,—but with this I passion to say where—with—*

Cost. With a wench.

King. *With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. *For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain), I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My lord Biron, see him delivered o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. [*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the four cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and 'till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

ARMADO'S House. Enter ARMADO, and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

Arm. Why tough signior? why tough signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epithet-on, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name, tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told ?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confesse both ; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink : and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure !

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confesse, I am in love : and, as it is base for a foldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner ; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'sy. I think scorn to sigh ; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy ; What great men have been in love ?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules ! — More authority, dear boy, name more ; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master : he was a man of good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter : and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson ! strong-jointed Sampson ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. — Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth ?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two ; or one of the four.

Arm.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master. [Aside.]

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. —Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

Exeunt DULL, and JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little

little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood), if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he a had very good wit. Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace. Enter the Princesses of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet.

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
 Consider who the king your father sends;
 To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
 Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As nature was in making graces dear,

When

When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and, in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam; at a marriage-feast,
Between lord Perigot and the beautious heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil),
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;

And much too little, of that good I saw,

Is my report to this great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth:

Biron they call him; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal:

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch,

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest:

Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble in his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,

He rather means to lodge you in the field

(Like one that comes here to besiege his court),

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To

To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

*Enter the King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON,
and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome
I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be
mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Where my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill besecmeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. -What time o'day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen ; so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we (as neither have)
Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word :—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[Exit]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. Non poynt, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Exit]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that
fame?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit]

Long. I beseech you, a word; What is she in the
white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the
light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.
Boyet.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that,
were a shame.

Long. Pray you, fir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good fir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, fir; that may be.

[*Exit LONGAVILLE.*]

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, my good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, fir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, fir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, fir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Too hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the
jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation (which very seldom lies),
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

C

Prin.

Prin. With what ?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason ?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride exprest :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair :
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
Who, tending their own worth, from whence they were
glas'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skil-
fully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of
him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her father
is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The Park; near the Palace. Enter ARMADO, and
MOTH.*

Armado.

WARBLE, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—

[Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tendernefs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the fwain, bring him feftinately hither; I muft employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How mean'ft thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete mafter: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; figh a note, and fing a note; fometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with finging love; fometime through the nofe, as if you snuff'd up love by fmelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the fhop of your eyes; with your arms crofs'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a fnip and away: Thefe are complements, thefe are humours; thefe betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without thefe; and make the men of note (do you note men!) that are moft affected to thefe.

Arm. How haft thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my penny of obfervation.

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horfe is forgot.

Arm. Call'ft thou my love, hobby-horfe?

Moth. No, Mafter; the hobby-horfe is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

C 2

Moth.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathis'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha? what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master, or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead it slow.

Moth. You are two swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, value gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH, and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in
a shin.

Arm.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy *l'envoy* ;
—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* ; no falve in the
male, Sir : O Sir, plantain, a plain plantain ; no *l'envoy*,
no *l'envoy*, or falve, Sir, but a plantain !

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly
thought, my spleen ; the heaving of my lungs, provokes
me to ridiculous smiling : O, pardon me, my stars !
Doth the inconsiderate take falve for *l'envoy*, and the
word, *l'envoy*, for a falve ?

Moth. Doth the wise think them other ? is not *l'envoy*
a falve ?

Arm. No, page ; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make
plain.

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been fain.

I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Where still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy* ; Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three ;

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with
my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose ; Would
you desire more ?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's
flat :—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose :
Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose,

Arm. Come hither, come hither : How did this argument
begin ?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in:

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me: how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*:—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him Money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I, Signior Costard, adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:*—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O; thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady:

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her; ask for her;

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[Gives him Money.

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration.

[Exit.

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humourous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart!—
 And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
 What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace. Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Princess,

WAS that the king, that spurd his horse so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.
 Well, lords, to day we shall have our dispatch
 On Saturday we will return to France.—
 Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
 That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For.

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot,

Prin. I thank my beauty ; I am fair that shoot. ;
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what ? first praise me, then again say no ?
O short-liv'd pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe !

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now ;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true ;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days !
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow : now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes ;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart :
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lord o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth,

Cost. God dig-you-den all ! Pray you, which is the
head lady ?

Prin.

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maid's girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads. *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beautiful, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: The captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce*

enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles: For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho; and one that makes sport;
 To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
 To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
 away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess attended.*]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns : but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry,
Finely put on !

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer ?

Ros. If we chuse by horns, yourself ; come not near.
Finely put on, indeed !—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes
at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower : have I hit her
now ?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy,
as touching the hit it ?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was
a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little
wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.

Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and KAT.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant ! how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot ; for they both did
hit it.

Boyet. A mark ! O, mark but that mark ; A mark,
says my lady !

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand ! I'faith, your hand is
out.

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er it the
clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand
is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greafily, your lips grow
foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir ; challenge
her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing : Good night, my good
owl.

[*Exeunt all but COSTARD.*

Cost.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
 Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
 O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
 so fit.

Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
 To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
 To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will
 swear!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola!

[*Shouting within.*

[*Exit COSTARD.*

SCENE II.

Enter DULL, HOLOFERNES, and Sir NATHANIEL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of Cælo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath.

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts: And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-meens; Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will your hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princeſs pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleaſing
pricket ;*

*Some ſay, a ſore ; but not a ſore, 'till now made ſore with
ſhooting :*

*The dogs did yell ; put L to ſore, then ſorel jumps from
thicket ;*

*Or pricket, ſore, or elſe ſorel, the people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore makes fifty ſores ; O ſore L !
Of one ſore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent !

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with
a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple ; a
fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes,
objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions, : theſe
are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the
womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of
occaſion : But the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute,
and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praife the Lord for you ; and ſo may my
pariſhioners ; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and
their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a
good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall
want no inſtruction : if their daughters be capable, I will
put it to them : But, *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur* : a ſoul
femine ſaluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA, and COSTARD.

Jac. God give you good morrow, maſter parſon.

Hol. Maſter parſon,—*quasi* perſon. And if one ſhould
be pierc'd, which is the one ?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a
hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead ! a good luſtre of con-
ceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough
for a ſwine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jac. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this
letter ; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from
Don Arimatho : I beſeech you, read it.

Hol.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub unbrâ Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non ti vidi, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa,*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like officers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend;

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings the heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the capzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing; so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper,
the

the tired horse his rider. But damofella virgin, was this directed to you ?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto :

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd.—Trip and go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king ; it may concern much : Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty ; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life !

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt. Cos. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses ; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel ?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto* ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention : I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too : for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, I do invite you too ; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, nay : *pauca verba.* Away ; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation, [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter BIRON with a Paper.

Biron. The king is hunting the deer ; I am courting myself : they have pitch'd a toil ; I am toiling in a pitch ; pitch, that defiles ; defile ! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow ! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit ! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax : it keels sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep : Well prov'd again on my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love : and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already ; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in : Here comes one with a paper : God give him grace to groan !

*[He stands aside.]**Enter the King.**King.* Aye me !

Biron. *[Aside.]* Shot, by heaven !—Proceed, sweet Cupid ; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap :—I' faith secrets.—

King. *[Reads.]* So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :
 Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep :
 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe ;
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will shew :
 But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen

*O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—*
How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper ;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?

[The King steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE.

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.

Biron. [Aside.] Now in thy likeness, one more fool,
appear !

Long. Ay me ! I am forsworn.

Biron. [Aside.] Why, he comes in like a perjure,
wearing papers.

King. [Aside.] In love, I hope ; sweet fellowship in
shame !

Biron. [Aside.] One drunkard loves another of the
name.

Long. [Aside.] Am I the first, that have been perjur'd
so ?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort ; not by
two, that I know :

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move :
O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhimes are guards on wanton
Cupid's hose :

Disfigure not his sloop.

Long. This same shall go.— *[He reads the Sonnet.]*

*Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)*

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :

*If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;
If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise ?*

*Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vien, which makes
flesh a deity ;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the
way.*

Enter DUMAIN.

*Long. By whom shall I send this ?)—— Company ! stay.
[Stepping aside.]*

*Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play :
Like a demy-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fool's secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish ;
Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish !*

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb ! *[Aside.]*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye !

*Biron. By earth, she is not corporal ; there you lie.
[Aside.]*

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted.

*Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
[Aside.]*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

*Biron. Stoop, I say ;
Her shoulder is with child.* *[Aside.]*

Dum. As fair as day.

*Biron. Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must
shine.* *[Aside.]*

Dum. O that I had my wish !

Long. And I had mine ! *[Aside.]*

King. And I mine too, good Lord ! *[Aside.]*

*Biron. Amen, so I had mine : Is not that a good
word ?* *[Aside.]*

*Dum. I would forget her ; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.*

*Biron. A fever in your blood ! why, then incision
Would let her out in faucers ; Sweet misprision !* *[Aside.]*

*Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Dum.*

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

[*Aside.*]

DUMAIN reads his Sonnet.

On a day (alack the day !)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he), thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send ; and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, would the king, *Biron*, and *Longaville*,
 Were lovers too ! ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
 For none offend, where all alike to dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society : [*Coming forward.*]
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know
 To be o'er heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, you blush ; as his, your case is such ;
 [*Coming forward.*]

You chide at him, offending twice as much :
 You do not love Maria ? *Longaville*
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ?
 Nor never laid his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart ?
 I have been closely shrowded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
 Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
 Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
 You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[To LONG.

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[To DUMAIN.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:

[Coming forward.

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
 There is no certain princess that appears?
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a knot!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon turning a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain!
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron.

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you :
 I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in ;
 I am betray'd by keeping company
 With men like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
 Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me ? When shall you hear, that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft ; whither away so fast ?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Biron. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA, and COSTARD.

Jaq. God blefs the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
 The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read ;
 Our parson misdoubts it ; it was treason, he said.

King. *Biron* read it over. [*He reads the Letter.*]
 Where hadst thou it ?

Jaq. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it ?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou tear it ?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace needs not
 fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
 hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron's* writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whorson loggerhead, you were born
 to do me shame.— [*To Cost.*]

Guilty my lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.

King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up
 the mess.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True true ; we are four :—
Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, firs ; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt* COSTARD, and JAQ.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face ;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree :
We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of
thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?
What peremptory eagle-fighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;
Where several worthies make one dignity ;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—

Fye, painted rhetorick ! O, she needs it not :
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;
She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winter's worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty

Beauty doth vanish age, as if new born,
And gives the crutch of cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look ?

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the fowl of night ;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;

For native blood is counted painting now :

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. 'To look like her, are chimney sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doom's-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she,

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love ; my foot and her face
see. [Shewing his Shoe.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were too much dainty for such tread !

Dum. O vile ! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?

Biron. Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.

King.

King. Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron, now
 prove
 Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there :—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed ;
 Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :
 Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—
 To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;
 And abstinence engenders maladies.
 And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
 In that each of you hath forsworn his book :
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,
 Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They are the ground, the book, the academes,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
 Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries ;
 As motion, and long-during action, tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And study too, the causer of your vow :
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books :
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with ?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of a heavy toil :
But, love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye.
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
Then fools you were, these women to forswear ;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths ;
It is religion, to be thus forsworn :

For

For charity itself fulfils the law ;
And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them lords ;
Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by :
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them hither ;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them.
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons ! allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;
And justice always whirls in equal measure :
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol.

Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner
have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scur-
rility, without affection, audacious without impudency,
learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I
did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the
king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Ad-
riano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominen tanquam te :* His humour is lofty,
his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambi-
tious,

tious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out a Table-Book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical phantasms, such infociable and point-divine companions: such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bono; intelligo.*

Hol. Bone? — bone, for bene: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not firrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military fir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stol'n the scraps. [To COSTARD *aside.*

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace: the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn: — You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth.

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep : the other two concludes it ; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit : snip, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa* ; a gig of a cuckold's horn !

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ? Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the finger's ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin ; dungill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain ?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, fans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day ; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well cull'd, chose ; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend :—For what is inward between us, let it pass :—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy ;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head :
—and

—and among other importunate and most serious designs, —and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,——but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,——that the king would have me present the princes, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies. —Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by assistance,—at the king's command; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Hol. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing ?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull ! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons !* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so : or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before the Princess's Pavillion. Enter Princess, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yea, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all ;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax ;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends, with him ; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:

As if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddesses on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy book.

Ros. Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all throws.

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

E

That

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
 O, that I knew he were but in by the week !
 How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;
 And wait the season, and observe the times,
 And spend his prodigal wit in bootless rhimes ;
 And shape his service all to my behests ;
 And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
 So portent like would I o'erfway his state,
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
 As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
 Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess ;
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
 As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's her
 grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare !—
 Arm, wenches, arm !—encounters mounted are
 Against your peace : Love doth approach disguis'd,
 Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpris'd :
 Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to St. Cupid ! What are they,
 That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a fycamore,
 I thought to close my eyes some half an hour :
 When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold address'd
 The king and his companions : warily
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
 And overheard what you shall overhear ;
 That, and by, disguis'd they will be here,

Their

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage :
 Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majestical would put him out ;
 For, quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see ;*
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously :
 The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil ;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder ;
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before :
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*
 The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well :*
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,
 Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
 By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be task'd :—
 For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.—
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;
 And then the king will court thee for his dear :
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
 So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
 And change your favours too ; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
 They do it but in mocking merriment ;
 And mock for mock is only my intent.
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

Prin. No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
 But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [Sound.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers
 come. [The Ladies mask.

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
disguised like Muscovites ; MOTH with music, &c.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The Ladies turn their Backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !

Out !—

Boyet. True ; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
 Not to behold.—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue :

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
 With your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet ;
 You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth

Moth. They do not mark me; and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds,

Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes :
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change;
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then : Nay, you must do it soon.
Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus estrang'd ?

Ros. You took the moon at full ; but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The musick plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice : take hands ;—we will not dance.

King. Why take your hands then ?

Ros. Only to part friends :—
Court'sy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves then ; What buys your company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought : And so adieu ;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey ;—Well run, dice !

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall ? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar.

Mar. Say you so? fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a
calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break
off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King, and Lords.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd
out.

Ros. Well liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat,
fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor stout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, shew their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Domain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Biron. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet.

Boyet. Ladies withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in their own Habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,

Command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when Jove doth please:

He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares

At wakes, and waffels, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing

A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:

This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone:—

And consciences, that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, and Attendants.*

Biron. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert
thou,

'Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King.

King. Allhail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow.

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have
spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsully'd lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastime here, and pleasant game;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;

My lady (to the manner of these days),

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they staid an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle, sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wife things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you
this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descry'd; they'll mock us now down-
right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness
sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look
you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove (how white the hand, God
knows!)

Hence—

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprefs'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :

And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is found, fans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three ;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :

These lords are visited ; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so ; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

Biron. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession,

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear ;

Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine,

Prin. I will ; and therefore keep it :—*Rosaline.*

What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight ; and did value me

Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this, the princess I did give ;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear :—

What ; will you have me, or your pearl again ?

Biron. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't ;—Here was a consent

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment),

To dash it like a Christmas comedy :

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years ; and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—

Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours ; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn ; in will, and error.

Much upon this it is :—And might not you [*To BOYET.*

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue ?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?

You put our page out : Go, you are allow'd ;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace, I have done.

Enter

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three ?

Cost. No, sir ; but it is very fine,
For every one presents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir ; I hope, it is
not so ;

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir ; we know
what we know :

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth
amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your
living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it ?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors,
sir, will shew wereuntil it doth amount : for my own part,
I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor
man ; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies ?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion
the great : for mine own part, I know not the degree of
the worthy ; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir ; we will take some
care.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not ap-
proach.

[*Enter COSTARD.*

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord : and 'tis some
policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his com-
pany.

King. I saw, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now ;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :

Where

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
There form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Converses apart with the King.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch:
for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical;
too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say,
to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind,
most royal couplement!

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies:
He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the
great; the parish-curate, Alexander; Armado's page,
Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the
fool, and the boy:—

A bare throw at novum; and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[Pageant of the Nine Worthies.]

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends
with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the big,—

Dum.

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir ;—*Pompey* furnam'd the great ;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foes
sweat :

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance ;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth : but, I hope, I was perfect : I made a little fault in, great.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's
commander :

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering
might :

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands
too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling-knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's
commander :—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alifander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

Cost. O, sir, you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror ! [To NATH.] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax ; he will then be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak ! run away for shame, Alifander. (Exit NATH.) There, an't shall please you ! a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd ! He is a marvellous good neigh-

neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alifander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted:—But there are worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas, and MOTH, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a sbrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.—

[*To MOTH.*] Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Hol. Judas I am,—

[*Exit MOTH.*]

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, fir.—

Judas I am, ycleped *Maccabaus*.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, fir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, fir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

F

Hol.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False ; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an afs, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the afs to the Jude ; give it him :—
Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas ; it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how he hath been baited !

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles ; here comes Hector
in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will
now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector ?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No ; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *Peace ! The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-*
mighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium ;
A man so breath'd, that, certain, he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion,
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein ; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device ; [*To the Princess.*] sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector ; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou ?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the child brags in her belly already ; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamelize me among potentates ? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him ; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boyet. Renowned Pompey !

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey ! Pompey the huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd :—More Ates, more Ates ; stir them on, stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man ; I'll slash ; do't by the sword :—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you, you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't ?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's ; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam !

Prin. Welcome, Mercade ;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring, Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so : my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away ; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath : I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion, that I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies.]

King. How fares your majesty ?

Prin. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so ; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirits : If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it.—Farewel, worthy lord !

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair fakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul-play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the oppos'd end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbecoming strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
With party-coated presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, fair ladies, you;
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere unsociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin-palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and, 'till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love, and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with fault and perjury:

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully 'till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)

You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?
It cannot be; it is impossible :
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamour of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal ;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month ? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.

[*To the King.*

King. No, madam ; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave :
I am a votary ; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed
greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned
men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckow ?
it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla ! approach.—

Enter

Enter all, for the Song.

This side is Hiems; winter.

This Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl,

The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

S O N G.

S P R I N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;*

*Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear!*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer-smocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;*

*Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear!*

W I N T E R.

*When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;*

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

G

When

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs
of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[Exeunt omnes.]

THE END.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*

LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*

DON JOHN, *Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.*

BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.*

BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

ANTONIO, *Brother to Leonato.*

BORACHIO, *Confident to Don John.*

CORNADE, *Friend to Borachio.*

DOGBERRY, } *two foolish Officers.*

VERGES, }

W O M E N.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*

BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*

MARGARET, } *two Gentlewomen, attending on Hero.*

URSULA, }

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Messina in Sicily.*



Burney del.

13

Wooding sculp.

Published as the Act directs by Bellamy & Roberts June 20, 1791.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Before LEONATO's House. Enter LEONATO, HERO,
and BEATRICE, with a Messenger.*

Leonato.

I LEARN in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: "he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how."

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. "How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!"

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto return'd from the wars, "or no?"

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. "He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt."—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

"*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

"*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal."

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? "Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?"

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! He will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

"*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

"*Beat.* Do, good friend."

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, and Don JOHN.

Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as your's, "were."

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her?

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; "to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?" Come, in what key shall a man take you, "to go in the song?"

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

B

Re-enter

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion the fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, "or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick," all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

Pedro.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Pedro. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; "and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam."

Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man.*

"*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou would'st be born-mad."

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my house (if I had it),—

Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach ; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir :
Dost thou affect her Claudio ?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words :
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her " and with her father,
" And thou shalt have her : " Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity :
Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once, thou lov'st ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to night ;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

" A Room in LEONATO's House. Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

" Leo. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

" Leon. Are they good?

" Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this evening in a dance; nay, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

" Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

" Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

" Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several Servants cross the stage here.*] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill: Good cousin, have a care his busy time."

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in LEONATO'S House. Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.

Conr. What the good-ger, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being, (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and slay no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he!

John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! "How come you to know this?"

"*Bora.* Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio."

"*John.*" Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd: Would the cook were of my mind!—"Shall we go prove what's to be done?"

"*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship." [Exeunt.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Hall in LEONATO's House. Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Leonato.

WAS not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be'st so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen
“God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst*
“*cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

“*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no
“horns.

“*Beat.* Just, if he sends me no husband;” for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that
hath

hath a beard, is more than a youth ; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth, is not for me ; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Will, then, go you into hell ?

Beat. No ; but to the gate : and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Go you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids ;* so deliver I up my apes, and away to faint Peter for the heavens ; “ he shews me ” where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To Hero.*]

Beat. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make a curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please you :—* but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust ? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle ? No, uncle, I'll none : Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you : if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time : if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero, Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace : the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical, the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry ; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring ; brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR ; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others mask'd.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend ?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and, especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company ?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so ?

Hero. When I like your favour ; for God defend, the lute should be like the case !

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one ?

Marg. I say my prayers loud.

Balth. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

Balt. No more words ; the clerk is answer'd.

“ Urs. I know you well enough ; you are Signior Antonio.

“ Ant. At a word I am not.

“ Urs. I know you by the wagling of your head.

“ Ant. To tell you true I counterfeit him.

“ Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man : Here's his dry hand up and down ; you are he, you are he.

“ Ant.

Ant. At a word I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think, I do not know
“you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go
“to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there’s
“an end.”

Beat. Will you tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good
wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was ug-
nior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What’s he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince’s jester: a very dull fool;
only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but li-
bertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in
his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men, and
angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him;
I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded
me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I’ll tell him what
you say.

Beat. Do, do; he’ll but break a comparison or two on
me; which, peradventure, not mark’d, or not laugh’d at,
strikes him into melancholy; and then there’s a partridge
wing sav’d, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We
must follow the leaders.

[*Music within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at
the next turning.

Manent JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath
withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The
ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora.

Bora. And that is Claudio : I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you not signior Benedick ?

Claud. You know me well ; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamour'd on Hero ; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her ?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt JOHN and BORA.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in the name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so :—The prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues :
Let ev'ry eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof.
Which I mistrusted not : Farewel, therefore, Hero.

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio ?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me ?

Claud. Whither ?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of ? About your neck, like an usurer's chain ? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover ; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus ?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her;

her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. "Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal "Até in good apparel." I would to God, some scholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they will go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, and HERO.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady's tongue.

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick:

"*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

"*Pedro.*" You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made me the match, and all grace say amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh ho! for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day;
—But

—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born.— Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit Beatrice.*]

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

“*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her,
“ my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps: and not
“ ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she
“ hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself
“ with laughing.

“*Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

“*Leon.* O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers
“ out of suit.

“*Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

“*Leon.* O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

“*Pedro.*” Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church.

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, “ which is hence
“ a just seven-night;” and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us: I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice, into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopfullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another Apartment in LEONATO'S House. Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he
C
hath

hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio, (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone: tell them that you know, Hero loves me: intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the meantime, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

LEONATO'S Orchard. Enter BENEDICK "and a Boy."

"*Bene.* Boy,—

"*Boy.* Signior.

"*Bene.*

" *Bene*. In my chamber-window lies a book ; bring it
" hither to me in the orchard.

" *Boy*. I am here already, sir."

Bene " I know that ;—but I would have thee hence,
" and here again. [*Exit Boy*.]"—I do much wonder,
that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool
when he dedicates his behaviour to love, will, after he
hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the
argument of his own scorn, by falling in love : And such
a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no mu-
sic with him but the drum and the fife ; and now had he
rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known, when
he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good ar-
mour ; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the
fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain,
and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier ;
and now he is turn'd orthographer ; his words are a very
fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be
so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I
think not : I will not be sworn, but love may transform
me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have
made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.
One woman is fair ; yet I am well : another is wise ; yet
I am well : another virtuous ; yet I am well : but till all
graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my
grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll
none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll
never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or
not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician,
and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha !
the prince and monsieur Love ! I will hide me in the ar-
bour.

[*Withdraws*.]

*Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, and BAL-
THAZAR.*

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music ?

Claud. Yea, my good lord :—how still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony !

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself ?

" *Claud*. O very well, my lord : the music ended,
" We'll fit the kid fox with a penny-worth.

C 2

Pedro.

"*Pedro.*" Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balt. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection :— I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.

"*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing :
" Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
" To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ;
" Yet will he swear, he loves.

"*Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come :
" Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
" Do it in notes.

"*Balt.* Note this before my notes,
" There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.
"*Pedro.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks ;
" Note, notes, forsooth, and noting !"

Eene. Now, *Divine air !* now is his soul ravish'd !— Is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out of men's bodies ?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore.
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blyth and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

"*Pedro.*

"*Pedro.* Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift."

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, "come what plague could have come after it."

Pedro. "Yea, marry;"—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

[*Exit BALTHAZAR.*]

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits. [*Aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection:—it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well: this fish will bite. [*Aside.*]

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,——You heard my daughter tell you how,

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord ; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it ; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection ; hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick ? [*Aside.*]

Leon. No ; and swears she never will : that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter says :
 " Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him ?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him : for she'll be up twenty times a night ; and there she will sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper :—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet ?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half pence ; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her : *I measure him,* says she, *by my own spirit ; for, I should flout him, if he writ to me ; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses ;—*O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience.*

Leon. She doth, indeed ; my daughter says so : and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself ;
 " It is very true."

Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end ? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him :
 She's

" She's an excellent sweet lady ; and, out of all suspicion,
" she is virtuous.

" *Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

" *Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

" *Leon.* O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in
" so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood
" hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just
" cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

" *Pedro.* I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me ;
" I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her
" half myself : " I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear
what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you ?

" *Claud.* Hero thinks surely, she will die : for she says,
" she will die if he love her not ; and she will die ere
" she make her love known ; and she will die if he woo
" her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accus-
" tom'd crossness,

" *Pedro.* She doth well : if she should make tender of
" her love," 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it ; for the man,
as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

" *Claud.* He is a very proper man.

" *Pedro.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

" *Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

" *Pedro.* He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are
" like wit.

" *Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

" *Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you : and in the manag-
" ing of quarrels you may see he is wise ; for either he a-
" voids them with great discretion, or undertakes them
" with a christian-like fear.

" *Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep
" peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a
" quarrel with fear and trembling.

" *Pedro.* And so will he do ; for the man doth fear
" God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large
" jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece :
" Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love ? "

Claud. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out
with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. *[Aside.]*

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, "which will be merely a dumb show." Let us send her to call him to dinner. *[Aside] [Exeunt.]*

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise—but for loving me:—By my troth it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her,—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age:—Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice; By this day, she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. *[Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. *[Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard. Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero.

GOOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
"Proposing with the prince and Claudio;"
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
"Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
"Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
"Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
"Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide
her,"

To

To listen our purpose : This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit,

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick :
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit :
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice : Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
'That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin,

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advanced to the bower,

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urf. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero.

Hero O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
 As much as may be yielded to a man :
 But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
 Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice ;
 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes
 Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
 Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self-endear'd.

Urf. Sure, I think so ;
 And therefore, certainly it were not good
 She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
 But she would spell him backward : if fair-fac'd,
 She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister ;
 If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
 Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
 If low, an aglet very vilely cut :
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. " No ; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
 " As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :"
 But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
 She'd mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
 Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
 It were a better death than die with mocks ;
 " Which is as bad as die with tickling."

Urf. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion :
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

To

To stain my cousin with ; one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so sweet and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

“ *Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,
“ Always excepted my dear Claudio.

“ *Urf.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
“ Speaking my fancy ; signior Benedick,
“ For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
“ Goes formost in report through Italy.”

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam ?

Hero. Why, every day ;—to morrow : Come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires : and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urf. She's lim'd, I warrant you ; we have caught her,
madam.

Hero. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*

BEATRICE *advancing.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !

No glory lives behind the back of such,
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee ;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band :
For others say, thou dost deserve ; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

LEONATO's House. Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, "that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat, "and forbid him to wear it." I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards."

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, "unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; "as to be a Dutch man to-day; a French man to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once; as "a German from the waist downward, all fops; and a
"Spaniard

"Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless
 "he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath,
 "he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear
 "he is.

"*Claud.*" If he be not in love with some woman,
 there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o'
 mornings: What should that bode?

"*Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

"*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen
 "with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath
 "already stuff'd tennis-balls.

"*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the
 "loss of a beard."

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you
 smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in
 love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it, is his melancholy.

"*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

"*Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I
 "hear, what they say of him."

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept
 into a lute-string, "and now govern'd by stops."

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Con-
 clude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that
 knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of
 all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old
 signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or
 nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-
 horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this
 time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two
 bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter

Enter Don JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be married to morrow?
[*To CLAUDIO,*

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill-spent, and labour ill-bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd (for she hath been too long a talking of), the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: If you will follow me, I will shew you
enough;

enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her ; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

“ *Pedro.* O day untowardly turned !

“ *Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting !

“ *John.* O plague right well prevented !

“ So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.”

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street. Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true ?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most defartless man to be a constable ?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal : God hath blest'd you with a good name : to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and
make

make no boasts of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen!—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

D

Dogb.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Conr. Here man I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

“*Conr.*”

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John, a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd: Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? "some-time, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?"

Conr. "All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But" art not thou thyself

self giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; “and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made,” away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master Constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters.—

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

“*Conr.* A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.” [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in LEONATO'S House. Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

"*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

"*Urs.* I will, lady.

"*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

"*Urs.* Well."

[*Exit URSULA.*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, Good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, "if the hair were a thought browner;" and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the dutchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

"*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

"*Marg.* By my troth, it's but a night gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel:" but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

"*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband*: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking. I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband*? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes."

D 3

Enter

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

"*Marg.* Clap us into *Light o' Love*; that goes with—
"out a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

"*Beat.* Yea, *Light o' Love*; with your heels!—then
"if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he
"shall lack no barns.

"*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that—
"with my heels.

"*Beat.*" 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time
you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill;—
hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

"*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

"*Marg.* Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's
"no more failing by the star.

"*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?

"*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their
"heart's desire!

"*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me, they are an
"excellent perfume.

"*Beat.* I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

"*Marg.* A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching
"of cold.

"*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long
"have you profess'd apprehension?

"*Marg.* Ever since you left it; Doth not my wit be-
"come me rarely?"

Beat. "It is not seen enough, you should wear it in
"your cap."—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Bene-
dictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for
a qualm.

"*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle."

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some
moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral mean-
ing;

ing; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o' thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not: but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urf. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

S C E N E V.

Another Apartment in LEONATO's House. Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you have with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

D 4

Verg.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all to your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipp'd; All men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

“ *Enter a Messenger.*

“ *Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

“ *Leon.*

"*Leon.* I will wait upon them; I am ready."

[*Exit LEONATA.*]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Sea-coal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a non-com: only get the learned writer to set down our ex-communication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church. Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE.

Leon.

COME, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what Men daily do! "not knowing what they do!"

Bene. How now! Interjections? "Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!"

Claud.

Claud. Stand thee by, friar :—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter ?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose
worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful-
ness.——

There, Leonato, take her back again ;

“ Give not this rotten orange to your friend :”

She’s but the sign and semblance of her honour :—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here :

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal !

“ Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

“ To witness simple virtue ? Would you not swear,

“ All you that see her, that she were a maid,

“ By these exterior shews ? But she is none :”

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed :

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord ?

Claud. Not to be marry’d, not knit my soul
To an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord,

If you in your own proof,

Have vanquish’d the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,——

Claud. “ I know what you would say ; if I have known
her,

“ You’ll say, she did embrace me as a husband,

“ And so extenuate the forehead sin :”

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large ;

But, as a brother to a sister, shew’d

Bathful sincerity and comely love.

Hero And seem’d I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on thy seeming ! I will write against it :

You seem to me as Dian in her orb ;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;

But

But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how I am beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

Pedro. "Why, then you are no maiden."—Leonato,

I am sorry, you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are

Not

Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
"Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!"
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink you
down? [HERO swoons.

John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to
light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—

Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—

"Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

"For did I think, thou would'st not quickly die,

"Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

"Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

"Strike at thy life." Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee! "Why had I one?

"Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

"Why

" Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 " Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 " Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
 " I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
 " *This shame derives itself from unknown loins?*
 " But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 " And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
 " That I myself was to myself not mine,
 " Valuing of her; why, she"—O, she, is fallen
 Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
 " And salt too little, which may season give
 " To her foul tainted flesh!"

Bene. Sir, fir, be patient:

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
 Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady; I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool
 Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
 " Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 " The tenour of my book; trust not my age,"
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some bling error.

Leon.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be :

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That, which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me ; I know none :
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frames of villainies.

Leon. I know not ; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
“ Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
“ Nor age so eat up my invention,
“ Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
“ Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
“ But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
“ Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
“ Ability in means, and choice of friends,
“ To quit me of them thoroughly.”

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed :
“ Maintain a mourning ostentation ;
“ And on your family's old monument
“ Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
“ That appertain unto a burial.”

Leon. What shall become of this ? What will this do ?

Friar.

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her be half
Change slander to remorse; "that is some good:"
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: "For it so falls out,
" That what we have we prize not to the worth,
" Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
" Why, then we rack the value; then we find
" The virtue, that possession would not shew us
" Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
" When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
" The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
" Into his study of imagination;
" And every lovely organ of her life
" Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
" More moving, delicate, and full of life,
" Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
" Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn
" (If ever love had interest in his liver),
" And wish he had not so accused her;
" No, though he thought his accusation true.
" Let this be so, and doubt not but success
" Will fashion the event in better shape
" Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
" But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
" The supposition of the lady's death
" Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
" And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
" (As best befits her wounded reputation)
" In some reclusive and religious life,
" Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries."

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,

The

The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;

“For to strange fores strangely they strain the cure—”

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,

Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent BENEDICK and BEATRICE.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it: I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewel.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approv'd in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him; I

E

will

will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so farewell. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Prison. Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, BORACHIO, CONRADE, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in gowns.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, firrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, fir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, fir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, fir, we say, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, fir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton.

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efreft way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—Prince John a villain:—Why that is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,——

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, suddenly dy'd.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in hand.

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an afs!—but, masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness: I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an afs!—

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before LEONATO'S House. Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Antonio.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief,
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
“ Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
“ And let it answer every strain for strain;
“ As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
“ In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
“ If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
“ In sorrow wag! cry hem, when he should groan;
“ Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
“ With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,

“ And

" And I of him will gather patience.
 " But there is no such man : For, brother, men
 " Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
 " Which they themselves not feel ; but tasting it,
 " Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 " Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 " Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 " Charm ach with air, and agony with words :"
 No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself : therefore give me no counsel ;
 " My griefs cry louder than advertisement."

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and blood ;
 For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And make a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
 Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so :
 My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd ;
 And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince
 And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord ?—well, fare you well, my lord :—

Are you so hasty now ?—well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
 Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

E 3

Leon.

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
thou !

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear :
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me ;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old : Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.
I say, thou hast bely'd my innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies bury'd with her ancestors :
O, in a tomb where scandal never slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy !

Claud. My villainy ?

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daffe me ? Thou hast kill'd my child ;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :
But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me :—
Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, follow me ;
Sir, boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my niece ;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains

That

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkfops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man? I know them,
yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple;
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
"Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,"
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Enter BENEDICK.

Pedro. See, see,

Here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior!

What news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome signior:

You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt
off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou?
had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young
for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away : Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Bene. It is in my scabbard ; shall I draw it ?

“ *Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ? ”

Claud. “ Never any did so, though very many have “ been beside their wit.”—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale :—
Art thou sick or angry ?

Claud. What ! courage, man ! What though care kill’d a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me :—I pray you, choose another subject.

“ *Claud.* Nay, then give him another staff ; this last “ was broke cross.”

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more ; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear ?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge !

Bene. You are a villain ;—I jest not :—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare :—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill’d a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you :—Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast ? a feast ?

Claud. I’faith, I thank him ; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon ; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife’s naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too ?

Bene. Sir your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.

“ *Pedro.* I’ll tell thee, how Beatrice prais’d thy wit the “ other day : I said, thou had’st a fine wit ; *True*, says “ she, a fine little one ; *No*, said I, a great wit ; *Right*, “ said

" said she, *a great gross one*; *Nay*, said I, *a good wit*;
" *Just*, said she, *it hurts nobody*; *Nay*, said I, *the gentle-*
" *man is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman*; *Nay*,
" said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she,
" *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he*
" *forsook on Tuesday morning*; *there's a double tongue*,
" *there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together,
" trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last, she con-
" cluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in
" Italy.

" *Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said,
" she car'd not.

" *Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an
" if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him
" dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

" *Claud.* All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he*
" *was hid in the garden.*"

Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on
the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick*
the married man?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I
will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you
break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be
thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies
I thank you; I must discontinue your company: your
brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have,
among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady: For my
lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then,
peace be with him!

[Exit BENEDICK.]

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant
you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in
his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, CONRADE, and BORACHIO guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an
“ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let be; “pluck up my heart,
“and be sad:” Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she
shall ne’er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an
you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look’d to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother’s men bound!
Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report;
moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they
are flanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely’d a lady;
thirdly, they have verifi’d unjust things: and, to conclude,
they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly,
I ask thee what’s their offence; sixth and lastly, why they
are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their
charge?

Claud. Rightly reason’d, and in his own division;
“and, by my troth, there’s one meaning well suited.”

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you
are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is
too cunning to be understood: what’s your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine
answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I
have deceived even your very eyes, what your wisdoms
could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to
light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this
man, how Don John your brother incens’d me to slander
the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard,
and saw me court Margaret in Hero’s garments; how you
disgrac’d her, when you should marry her: my villainy
they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my
death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead
upon mine and my master’s false accusation; and briefly,
I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this ?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery :—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time our
sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter : And
masters do not forget to specify, when time and place shall
serve, that I am an afs.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and
the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes ;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him : which of these is he ?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me:

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast
kill'd

Mine innocent child ?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villain ; thou bely'st thyself ;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it :—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds ;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak : Chuse your revenge yourself ;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my foul, nor I ;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she dy'd: "and, if your love
" Can labour aught in sad invention,
" Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
" And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night":
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir (which, indeed, is not under
white and black), this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his
punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one
Deformed: "they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a
" lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's
" name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid,
" that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing
" for God's sake:" Pray you, examine him upon that
point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and
reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewel, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero."

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO's House. Enter BENEDICK, and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deserveest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: "I give thee the bucklers."

Marg.

"*Marg.* Give us the fwords, we have bucklers of our own.

"*Bene.* If you use them. Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice ; and they are dangerous weapons for maids."

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, "who I think hath legs." [Exit MARGARET.

Bene. "And therefore will come." [Sings.]

*The god of love,
That sits above,
"And knows me, and knows me,"
"How pitiful I deserve,—"*

I mean in finging ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love : Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme ; I have try'd ; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme ; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme ; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings : No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call thee ?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now :—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words : and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit : But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray

pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wife (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary), to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself (who, I myself will bear witness is praise-worthy), and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; "yonder's "old coil at home:" it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: "Will you come presently?"

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene.

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*" A Church. Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and
 " Attendants with Music and Tapers.*

" Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

" Atten. It is, my lord.

" CLAUDIO reads.

" Done to death by slanderous tongues

" Was the Hero, that here lies :

" Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

" Gives her fame which never dies :

" So the life, that dy'd with shame,

" Lives in death with glorious fame.

" Hang thou there upon the tomb,

" Praising her when I am dumb.—

" Now music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

" S O N G.

" Pardon, Goddess of the night,

" Those that slew thy virgin knight ;

" For the which, with songs of woe,

" Round about her tomb they go.

" Midnight, assist our moan ;

" Help us to sigh and groan,

" Heavily, heavily :

" Graves yawn and yield your dead,

" Till death be uttered,

" Heavily, heavily.

" Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night !

" Yearly will I do this rite.

" Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out :

" The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day

" Before

- " Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
 " Dapples the drowfy east with spots of grey :
 " Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.
 " *Claud.* Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.
 " *Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;
 " And then to Leonato's we will go.
 " And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
 " Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

LEONATO'S *House.* Enter LEONATO, BENEDICK,
MARGARET, URSULA, ANTONIO, *Friar* and HERO.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this ;
Although against her will, as it appears
" In the true course of all the question."

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd ;
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me :—You know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains I think.

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her ; 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince ; But what's your will ?

F

Bene.

Bene. Your answer, fir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage ;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

“ Here comes the prince, and Claudio.”

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. “ Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio ;”
We here attend you ; Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*

Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's the
matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee :
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, fir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that some noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Re-enter ANTONIO, with HERO, BEATRICE, MARGA-
RET, and URSULA, mask'd.*

“ *Claud.* For this I owe you : here come other reck-
nings.”

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why then she's mine ; Sweet, let me see your
face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero? Hero, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd,

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why-then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore, that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore, that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our
hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I
take thee for pity.

Beat.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for, I was told, you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[*Kissing her.*]

Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou would'st have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee “out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.”

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, music.—
Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipst with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

Dance. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

